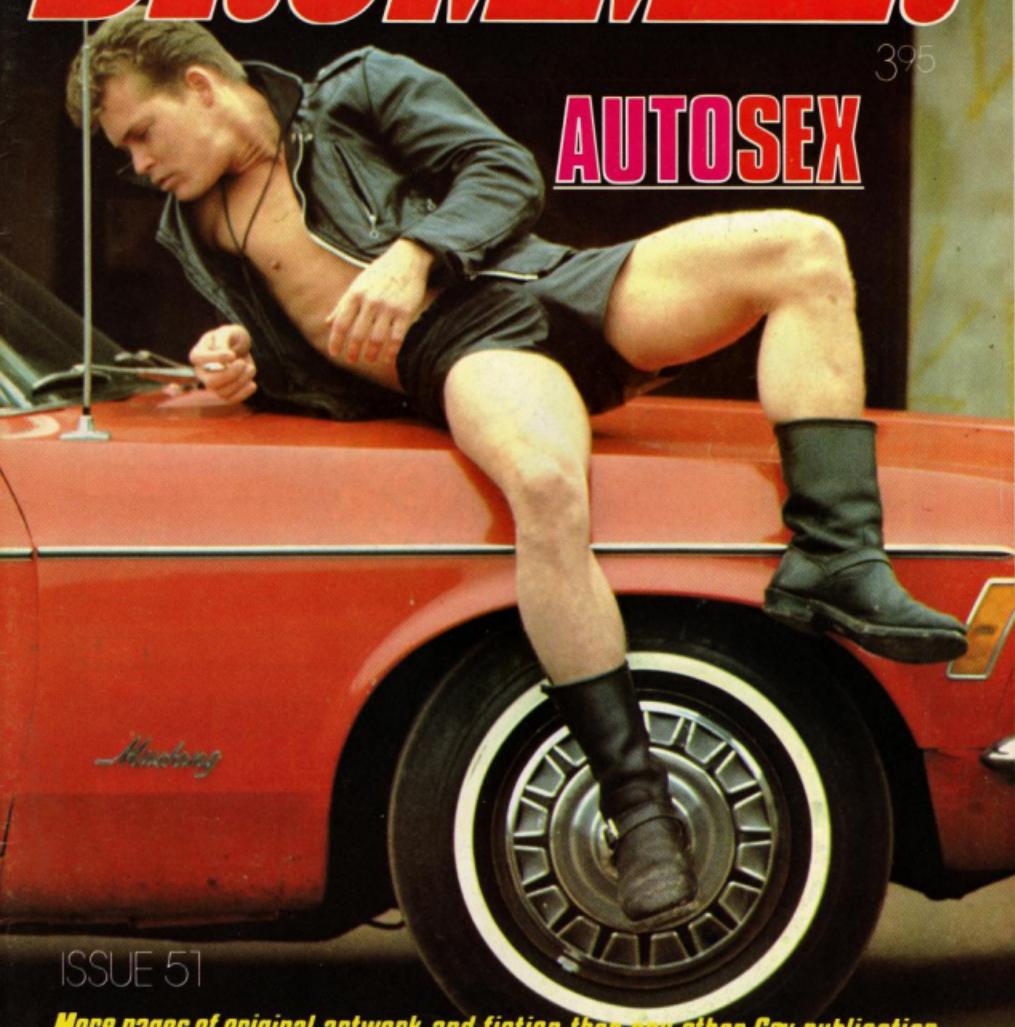


AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

# DRUMMER

395

## AUTOSEX



ISSUE 51

*More pages of original artwork and fiction than any other Gay publication*

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# DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 6

51

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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*This page: VanSex from J. Brian's FLASHBACKS.*

# DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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KARL STEWART  
NIELL ROSEN  
MICHAEL BAYER  
CHUCK MASSAKSY

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: TERRANCE SAGAN, ROBERT PAYNE, LARRY TOWNSEND  
CONTRIBUTORS: AARON TRAVIS, FRANK O'ROURKE, CHARLES MUSGRAVE, BRYAN DERBYSHIRE  
PHOTOGRAPHERS: ROBERT PRUZAN, WOLFGANG RINK, TERRY PHOTO, ZEUS, ROY DEAN, TARGET,  
REFLEX STUDIO, GERHARD POHL, VICTOR ARIMONDINI  
ARTISTS: CATHERINE BROWN, MICHAEL COOPER, ETIENNE, KENT ROBERT  
DRUMMER, DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, TOUGH SHIT, LONDON LEATHER, DRUM  
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# GETTING OFF

## WITH SINCEREST REGRETS

The end of 1981 and the beginning of 1982 was more significant than just the turning of the pages of a calendar. It also meant the end of two voices in the gay community: Jason Klein and Ray Broshears.

Drummer readers know Jason Klein through the original and provocative writing he did in these pages. We had always felt that he was destined to become one of the most important voices in S&M, and we were glad to have been the first magazine to publish him. His voice has been stilled by an accident, but not one without meaning. Jason died by asphyxiation after he had bound and suspended himself at home alone. Self-bondage was an important part of his own sexuality.

Ray Broshears was most probably less known by the majority of Drummer readers. Locally, in San Francisco, he had been of some controversy for the past decade. Aligned to a religious order, he was a cleric-garbed figure that either struck fear or loathing in most of his contemporaries. He published a one-man newspaper called *The Crusader* that was disliked but avidly read (by many, by their own admission, to make sure they had not been mentioned, or trashed, by the reverend).

I had known Jason for only two years, and that was surely not enough time. I had known about and ultimately knew Ray Broshears for about six years—and that was not time enough either. What struck me about both these men was how their 'voice,' their reaction to the world, was clear and loud. For Jason it garnered him the appreciation of a wealth of people who saw, in his ability to translate sexual emotions and fantasies to the printed page, the manifestation of themselves. For Broshears it meant polarized sentiments; you liked him or you hated him.

At times like this it is natural to regret what went unsaid between you. It is natural to feel that fate, or chance, or circumstance has somehow cheated you and the rest of the world from what could have been—if there had been only more time. But perhaps all that was important is what has been between you.

There is an Aztec saying: Death is only to awaken from a dream of having lived.

—John W. Rowberry

# MALECALL/Dear Sir:

## HORSEX, ANYONE?

I've been reading your publication since its beginning and have enjoyed every issue. Since you have covered basically every fetish and fantasy I've thought of or fulfilled so far (with the possible exception of a detailed study of horses and their massive and quite fascinating anatomy) I won't bother you with suggestions. You lewd and crude perverts seem to be doing just fine on your own. I would, however, like to initiate subscriptions to your abusive and quite instructive magazine for two of my friends. (Frankly, I'm tired of having my apartment look like the city's lending library.)

But as long as I have broached the subject, Mister Editor, how 'bout an issue devoted to horse dick (of the animal kind). Studs are always talking about horse dick but few have ever really seen one. Horses? Horse piss? J/O (you slap it against their belly), shackles, bits, saddles, crops, training, breeds, barnyard fantasies, cartoons, cockrings, average sizes—that's a challenge, stick one of your own stable in there (the homo sapien kind) and do an anatomical comparison.

I'd be a willing and eager subject if you needed one (we transplanted country boys are so sick). Think about it, the Department of Agriculture would probably thank you, they're sick of getting inquiries from me.

I am over 21, (26 to be exact, 6'4"), nicely hung and twisted as hell—*you can probably tell from this letter*.

Michael M.  
Washington, DC

## SHORT OF BREATH

I was fascinated by the letter from Louis in Drummer No. 49 which inquired about the alleged experience of a New York club interested in choking. While, to my knowledge, there is no such club, there are many men interested in choking. I should know—I placed an ad in several publications last year stating that I was seeking bottoms into choking and I received plenty of answers.

Bill Mayer  
New York, NY

(Editor's Note: Well, we tried. But everytime we introduced one of our models to the erect horse, he fainted—the model that is. We concluded there is more to the expression 'Hung by a horse' than most guys realize.)

## ROPE TRICKS

Mark Chester's Rope Tricks (Drummer No. 48) has to be the hottest bondage pictures you've ever published. I can't begin to tell you how many times I've jacked off to them, fantasizing it's me in those pictures. I hope you plan to include more of Mark's photos in the future. Keep up the good work, Drummer is the hottest leather magazine out.

W. Taggart  
San Francisco, CA

## BUTT PLAY

I'm into spanking and I haven't seen any butt play in your magazine in quite some time. You've run a series in Drummer telling about special organizations for individual sexual needs. Is there one for spankers/spankees?

James Crete, NE

(Editor's Note: We can't find a club devoted to spanking, per se, but a number of more generalized organizations say they all have members into the sport of the flat hand. Maybe you should consider starting one.)

## SMOKING

I'd like to see some fiction devoted to tops who dig smoking cigars and cigarettes during a scene and using them to titillate their partners. I had one such scene with a stud I met at the Gold Coast on New Year's Eve. He was about my age, 23, and he had me stand naked before him in the john, jacking off, while he sat on the toilet smoking his cigarette, talking dirty, and occasionally touching it to the inside of my thighs.

Mike Detroit, MI

## AVIDLY ERRATIC

As an avid reader and subscriber I must say that I love DRUMMER, hate your erratic publishing schedule and put up with it 'cause it's the best.

Bad Bob Austin, TX

## ENGLISH CUSTOMS

From what I have been told by several people here in England, the trouble with the erratic arrival of DRUMMER is caused by the bloody Customs. Evidently their censorship methods are to record the addresses and names of

magazines they disapprove of and confiscate them if they feel so inclined. Unfortunately they are permitted by our laws to do just that.

It was interesting to note that when issue #47 came it was the first envelope I ever received from you which had not been damaged by not being ripped. Number #49 got through because of the New Year festivities. It probably hit the Customs at that time when they were busy with other things and has been further delayed because of our weather problems here.

One solution might be sending our shipments to a forwarding agency in Holland which has no such censorship and from which I believe mail is not inspected like it is from the States.

Incidentally, I notice in your Male-call column a letter from somebody who had received advertising from the "Folsom Group." I have also received advertising from them and also from "P.I.S.S." Hope the fuck it was genuine because it looked good and I decided to go for the magazine. They didn't waste any time getting it through my Mastercharge account either.

Until that letter in your latest issue I didn't think anything of it, assuming someone had lifted my name and address from Interchain, which is also wrong but unfortunately happens.

Can't wait to get my replacement magazines. I don't know where I am with your "Run No More" story.

J.S.  
Beds, England

(Editor's Note: Your missing magazines are on their way. What a shame that England, where many of our individual freedoms originated, now feels it has to censor what its citizens can read. That influence is rampant in Canada and Australia as well, both British dominions. It is interesting that England was not nearly as choosey about what was shipped over from the United States back when they were fighting off the Nazis, those other book-burning advocates.)

The "Folsom Group" has advertisements running to sell its lists of people to anyone willing to pay. DRUMMER has never sold or lent its lists to anyone. We hope that those who have truck with "Folsom Group's" lists realize they are dealing in stolen property, a felony.)

# LISTEN HARD



The Commander Speaks—He's every big man you ever fantasized about—if you are man enough  
Marines Overhead—two horny young marines in a barracks room. When their uniforms drop to the floor—now we're more!

Muscle Builder Orgy (formerly Muscle Orgy Nine)—five pumped-up sweaty jocks strip down for action in a no-holds-barred locker-room scene.

Hot Hung Trucker (formerly Hung Wild)—a teamster, a hitchhiker and the desert. Soon the hand's off the gearshift and the actions on the cab floor.

## HOT TALK TAPES

Stallion Sound Productions

Box 436 Dept. D3

New York, NY 10013

Make checks payable to Stallion Sound Productions. Freight is paid by Stallion Sound, send to you first-class postage.

The Commander Speaks \$10  
Marines Overhead \$10  
Muscle Builder Orgy \$10  
Hot Hung Trucker \$10  
All Four Tapes \$35  
Please send brochure

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I certify I am over 21 \_\_\_\_\_

New York State Residents add 8 1/4% sales tax.

Appreciate that if your tape is not available locally we will mail it directly and your local record store to have all the tapes by Stallion Sound (list the name and address of your store and attach to your order).

## DIAL DICK For 12 INCHES of CONVERSATION



Hi, are you Hot and Horny and Ready to Get It Off and home alone in your bedroom, Right Now? Well, so am I! Let's Do It Together — Lay back, Relax and DIAL DICK . . .

P.S. Ask about Master Dick's leather butt plug!

(213) 574-9848

Have your Visa or MasterCard ready for fast service — Unlimited time!



## ADVERTISING WE'D LIKE TO SEE...

A National Car Manufacturer in a Gay magazine?! And not only that but a double page ad with nude men! Gloriosky!

Relax. It is highly unlikely that any Madison Avenue agency is going to go out on a limb to appeal to Our Kind Of People, even though those people make up a big part of their in-house personnel. Now you might find that same agency's clients in *Playboy* and *Penthouse* and *Popular Science* but and the models demonstrating their wares might be showing a little cleavage and some ass. But pander to twenty million gays? Even if a larger percentage of which might more likely be able to pop for the going price of the current Detroit iron.

Don't bother thumbing through *Life* and *Time* and *Good Housekeeping* for your kind of ad. You won't find a cock in a carload.

We picked trucks and vans for our little parody because our macho men love them and we picked Dodge because, in our opinion, they are the best of their breed. If you have never made out in a van or the bed of a truck, whatever the make, you're missing something, man.

So pull up your pants, put on some shitzkickers, jump in your new Ramcharger and head out for Marlboro country. Pick up a buddy or a hitchhiker and show him your horsepower. We could throw in some copywriter shit about clutches and rear ends and universal joints but you can do that for yourself. A pickup is a pickup and you should know by now what the fuck to do with it.

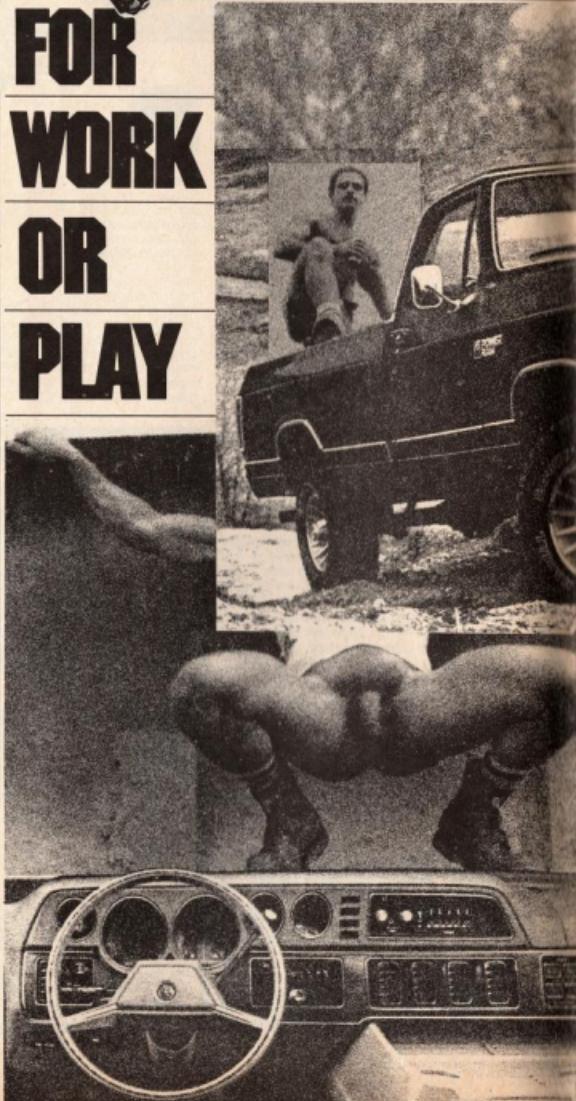
If our auto ad effort makes you go out and plunk ten thousand big ones down on a new Dodge van, tell 'em DRUMMER sent you.

Bring your acquisition by to show us and our Automotive Advertising editor will tell you all the wonderful things you can find to do in it, on it and with it. He may even be persuaded to show you.

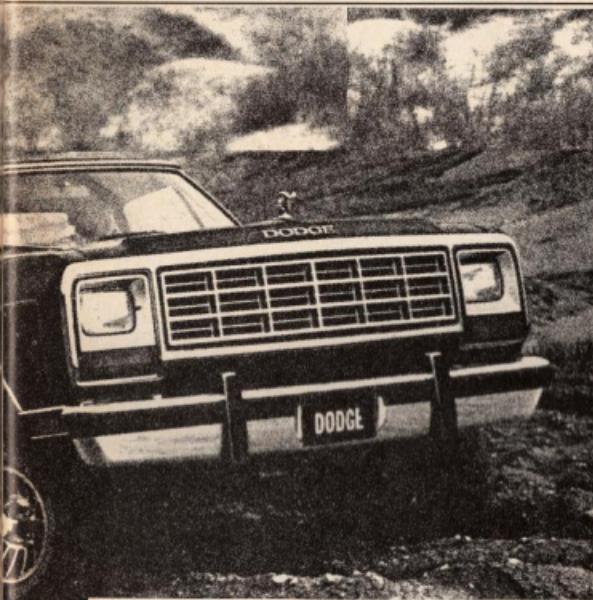
Trucks by Chrysler Corporation  
Bodies by TARGET



# FOR WORK OR PLAY



# AM TOUGH FUN FUCK TRUCKS



OUR RAM TOUGHEST DODGE PICKUPS ARE SOFTIES INSIDE

# DODGE

# You Can Come In

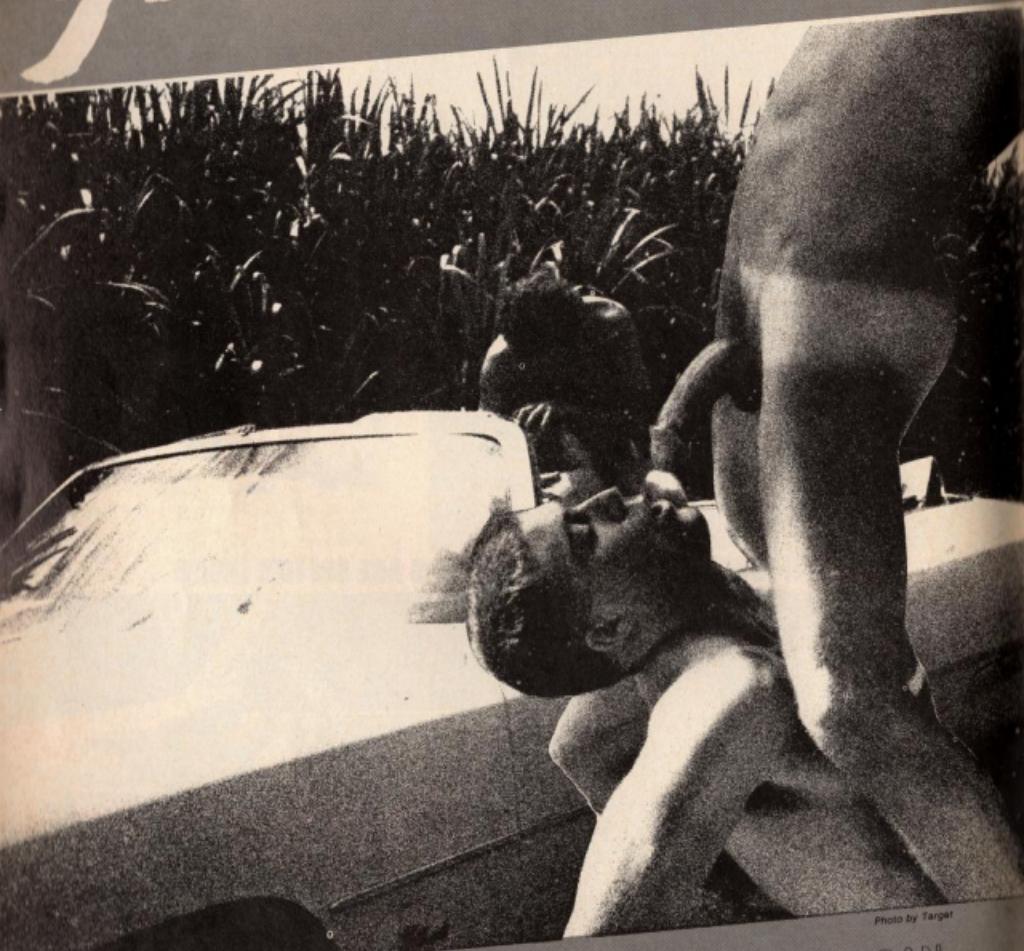


Photo by Target

by TERRANCE SAGAN

# In My Car

I always wanted to fuck you, Gary Newman, in my convertible. I wanted to put one of your tapes on my tape deck, take you for a ride in the country, and fuck you. I know you don't like your fans, but if I stripped down your pants and pulled back your foreskin, and went down on your English cock, you'd like it. You'd really like it, Gary Newman. You'd feel the blood rushing to your prick, feel it start to rise and straighten out, feel my warm wet mouth swallow it down to your pubic hair—you'd like it. You'd raise your hips so that my lips could rest against your balls, you'd spread your legs a little so that my tongue could lick down near your asshole. You'd press your hands against the seat on either side of you as I swallowed your rod and stroked it with my mouth. And when you came, Gary Newman, you'd hear your voice on the tape singing this:

"Here in my car,  
It's good in my car,  
in cars..."

I always wanted to fuck you, Gary Newman. I used to dream about having you in my convertible and taking you for a ride in the country and bending you over the top of the front seat, so that your hands could grab the back seat for support, and pulling down your pants and spreading the hairless cheeks of your young ass with my hands and licking around your English asshole, digging my tongue inside your hairless asshole, then raising up and jamming my stiff, long, thick, juicy cock up your ass in one smooth stroke while you heard your voice singing this from the tape deck:

"You can come in my car,  
in cars..."

I always wanted to see you gang-fucked, Gary Newman, in my convertible. I used to dream of taking you for a

ride in the country and stripping off your clothes and handcuffing one wrist to the inside front door handle and the other wrist to the inside back door handle and laying you across the top of the seatback long-ways so that one foot was on the front seat and one foot was on the back seat and greasing up your smooth white young ass with Crisco and fucking your hole with two or three fingers to get it loose while a couple of my buddies stroked their dicks to get them hard, then watching as one guy after another mounted that slender white English back and shoved their meat into you, pumping away at your new wave asshole until they shot their load, climbed off, and were replaced by another dick-hard dude. And after each of them had wiped off their dicks, pulled up their pants and gone home—then I would climb on and fill your cavity up with my own dick, ram it through all the come still inside you, stroke the walls of your rectum and stretch them out even further, while the come and sweat ran out your ass, ran over your balls and christened the seats in my car. And when I came, mixing my juices with theirs, confusing your understanding of whose come was in you and whose come had dripped out, then I would let you get off, anyway you wanted—but if you didn't have the imagination, I would do this:

I've always wanted to fist fuck you, Gary Newman, in my car, after you had been gang-fucked and your ass was wide open and wet with come. I've always wanted to spread you out in the back seat of my convertible, with your legs thrown over the front seat and your ass open to me while I knelt on the floorboards. I've always wanted to grease my hand and arm up with Crisco and work it into the smooth, slick opening of your English ass, my other hand

stroking your innocent uncut cock while you watched me with your eyes open as wide as your ass, and your hands clutching the plastic seat covering on either side of you. And as my knuckles cleared your ass muscles, while your dick throbbed with the constant pounding of blood making it harder and harder, while you smelled, in the open air, the smell of grease and come and sweat and ass smells—I would drill your ass with as much of my forearm as it could take, and feel my own dick rising up from my crotch, pointing straight in the air. And as your ass was sucking in my arm, as your lips parted and gasped a quick intake of fresh air, I would watch your dick give one last thrab and shoot its young white thick load out in long sticky streamers against your stomach and chest and feel your rectum quiver and your body tense and my cock strain to reach up higher and my breathing come faster and your eyes close as jet after jet of come shot from your dickhead and I would ease my fist out of your ass and bring it up to your mouth and without opening your eyes you would gently reach out the tip of your tongue and lick one small sticky spot off to be able to taste the part of you that you still don't know, the part of you that is inside, and my own cock would, at that moment, let go with splattering loads of pent-up come that would coat the inside of your legs and cover the underside of your balls and in the absolute quiet of what had happened, while you lay slumped in the back seat of my car, your breathing more regular, your ass open like never before, and your whole being brought to its highest, finest, most personal level, you would hear, loud as ever, from my tape deck, the sound of your voice singing:

"Here in my car..."



# Commando car club

by BARON KIRK

I scrambled to obey the president's last order, climbing up on the highly polished metal-flake-blue hood of my 1968 Dodge Charger. Positioning myself as he commanded, I turned over on my back and pushed myself up farther until the windshield became a cold, hard glass pillow, supporting my head at a forty-five degree angle to my prone body.

My nervousness merged with a sense of pride and determination as I looked over to my left and saw my jacket neatly draped over a clothes hanger which in turn hung from the sturdy branch of a tree, directly above the rest of my clothes, which I had been ordered to strip off the moment I had arrived. The gold thread on the left pocket, stitched to spell out my name, "BARON" stood out beautifully against the deep blue of the rest of the jacket. I couldn't wait until tonight, the night of my initiation into The Commandos Car Club, was over and I had earned the right to wear that jacket—earned the right to say that I was a member of the toughest, most feared and respected car club in California.

As I felt the end of a length of strong rope being tied around my left wrist, I looked over at Ernie, the handsome 19-year-old Mexican boy, who was also being initiated tonight. His muscular, dark-skinned body had been positioned exactly like mine on the hood of his 1971 Challenger, and as I watched one of the Commandos tie the end of a long piece of rope around his left wrist and pass it through both side windows to another club member standing on the other side of Ernie's car, I knew exactly what they were doing to me as I felt the other end of the rope being attached to my right wrist. Both Ernie and I had been tied securely to the windshields of our own cars, our arms stretched tautly above and away from

our bodies so that virtually any movement of our upper bodies was impossible.

For a moment I couldn't help feeling sorry for Ernie as I watched him writhing in discomfort, for unlike my car and most of the other members' cars parked randomly around the club's private parking lot, the hood of the Challenger had large air scoops and raised metal lettering that seemed to cut their way into his bare ass and legs no matter which way he turned.

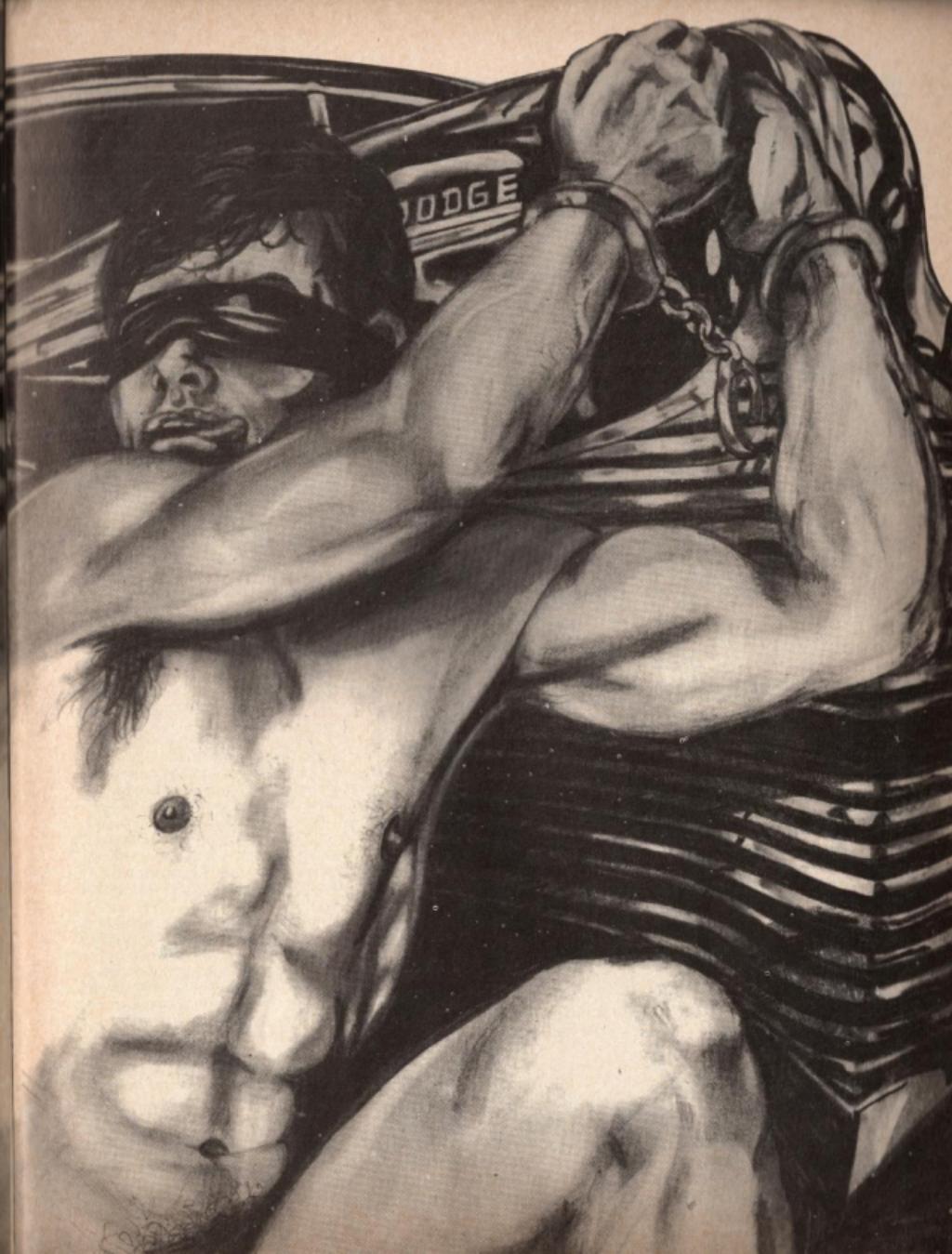
My attention was soon snapped back to my own situation, however, as I felt metal shackles being locked around my ankles and a large leather dog collar being buckled around my neck. My closely chained legs were then raised up and back toward my face and, as one man held me forcefully in that position, a second man tied one end of a very short length of rope through the chain that connected my ankles, and the other end through the leash attachment on my collar. When they had finished and stepped back to admire their handiwork, I found myself staring directly at my kneecaps, less than nine inches away from the end of my nose, my ass raised high off the hood of the car, exposed to the warm night breeze, as well as to the sadistic pleasures of the 17 men who surrounded me.

Correction—make that 18. My heart began pounding violently in terror as the back door of the club house swung open and I caught my first glimpse of the sergeant-at-arms, a six-foot-five mountain of a man whose upper torso was covered only by an open leather vest. The mass of hair-covered muscles of his chest and upper arms could only belong to a serious weight-lifter. Coiled in his right hand was a large black leather bullwhip.

The piercing sound of a police whistle penetrated my head like a sharp knife. At that signal, the members, who



Illustration by Robert H. Abish



had been talking and milling randomly about, quickly assembled themselves into two neat lines in front of and on both sides of my car, forming a clear aisle for the sergeant-at-arms to approach me. I knew the initiation ritual had now begun, a ritual which these men took with dead seriousness. I took one last look at my jacket to give me the strength to survive this ordeal.

The muscular sergeant-at-arms, the ritual administrator, was now standing directly in front of my car, leaning over and looking down directly into my face with a cruel sneer that made my blood run cold.

Reaching between my legs, he slowly and deliberately placed the cold, heavy bullwhip down on my rapidly breathing chest and stomach. Still fixing me with his terrifying hypnotic stare, he stood up straight, almost at attention, and in a loud, masculine baritone voice, spoke the words that at some time in his past all of the men surrounding me had been tied down and forced to hear:

"To be a Commando is to be a man. To be a man is to have known pain and conquered it. To be a man is to have retained your masculinity when all around you have tried to strip it away from you. Are you such a man?"

It took three attempts before my dry throat and tongue allowed me to speak. "Yes, sir!" I said loudly, so that all could hear.

"Good. Let the testing begin," the administrator said. "You are to remain completely silent during the test unless called upon to respond. Do you understand?" he said more as a command than as a question.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

The men broke ranks and silently formed one long line along the right side of my car—all except for the president and the administrator, who walked over near the driver's door and quickly and skillfully disconnected the radio antenna from its fender mount. While the administrator remained standing there, the president, extending the telescoping antenna to its full length as he walked, stepped to the head of the line, and upon receiving a silent hand signal from the administrator, stepped around to the front of the car, placed his left hand on my right upper leg, and swung full force with his right arm, delivering across both cheeks of my ass a stinging, burning, painful blow with the hard round steel rod. Knowing that I was about to involuntarily cry out in excruciating pain, the administrator quickly grabbed my tightly-bound left hand and squeezed it hard—more reassuringly than painfully. Suddenly I realized that this guy—

in fact all of these guys—really wanted me to pass this test if I could really take it, and not fail because of some technicality. I was able to stifle my scream and drew strength from the touch of the administrator's hand as the president passed the antenna to the next man in line and stepped aside, as the new man took his position to torture me with the metal whip.

One by one, in quiet mechanical precision, the whip was passed from man to man, each member taking one powerful stinging swipe at my bloodied, welt-covered pain-racked ass, until I had silently endured the seventeenth blow from the last man in line, who then tossed the antenna to the administrator. The administrator walked around to the front of the car, and I clenched my teeth in preparation for the mighty blow I knew this muscleman could deliver.

My ass was so sore and so completely numb by this time that it must have taken me a full minute to realize that instead of whipping me, the master torturer was slowly sticking the antenna, base end first, up my asshole until he had it half way in. "Now crouch down and hold that right there 'till we get back to you," he said, emphasizing his command with a medium-strength but still very painful slap across my ass.

As I struggled to regain some feeling and control in my ass, I watched as the club members regrouped around Ernie's car. Knowing what was about to happen to him and beginning to feel the cold steel rubbing against the insides of my asshole, I was embarrassed as I felt my cock beginning to stiffen, growing to a full roaring hard-on as I watched Ernie's powerfully muscular ass squirming and twitching, growing steadily more red, bruised and bloody, as he began to undergo the same torture I had just endured.

It was obvious from the bulges I could see growing in their crotches that the Commandos, all young men in their early and mid-twenties, were also getting off on the pain and humiliation they were inflicting on us.

As the club president, who had just finished his turn whipping Ernie's ass, walked back toward me, his eyes glued to the steel rod that stuck out of my asshole like a flagpole, he unzipped his pants and withdrew a mammothly thick, nine-inch long, rock-hard cock, which jutted straight out from his body, bouncing like a taut spring as he came nearer and nearer to me. With cruel roughness, he forced my legs closer to my face, then worked quickly to untie and remove the now slackened rope that held by aching legs up to my collar. I couldn't help breathing a long sigh of

relief as he jerked the antenna out of my ass and I was permitted to lower my legs from that uncomfortable position, sucking in a pain-filled gasp of air as the open, bleeding wounds all over my ass touched the cold metal of the car hood.

Before I knew what was happening, the president had leaped up on the car and quickly positioned himself so that he was straddling my chest, his rigid cock resting against my tightly-closed lips. "All right, boy, start sucking," he growled, beginning to take rapid-fire, sharp slaps across both sides of my face with his powerful right hand.

By this time three other men had finished their chore with Ernie and were standing by my car, slowly stroking their stiff dicks as they watched me getting slapped around.

If it had been anyone but the president or the administrator, I would have resisted this enforced blow job. But since this man wielded a hell of a lot of power on whether I got into the club or not, I gave in and opened my mouth, as wide as I could to take his enormous battering ram of a cock into my virgin mouth as best I could.

Either he didn't know or didn't care that I had never done this before, because he was rough, shoving it into my mouth and forcing my throat to open as he slid his thick ramrod in full length until I could feel his balls resting against my chin. I couldn't breathe and began choking up globs of sticky, mucous-filled spit, which covered the shaft of his cock, his balls and dribbled out onto my chin and chest.

I was momentarily grateful and relieved when he abruptly pulled his dick out of my mouth and moved off my chest—that is, until I realized he was sliding himself down the hood and maneuvering himself between my legs. More and more men were gathering around us, and when two of them grabbed my legs and forced them up in the air, I knew that my butt was about to take its first fucking.

The men held my legs painfully tight as I felt the president locate my asshole with his finger and ticklingly play with it. It felt good and opened me up somewhat, but when I next felt the thick knob-like head of his dick being placed against my opening, I knew I could never be relaxed enough to take that. But the president was as powerful as he was determined, and with irresistible inward pressure he forced the head of his cock past my twitching sphincter muscle and then, knowing he had won, shoved his nine inches full length up inside me and held it there, gyrating his hips in a full circle to make me widen my hole even more.

I refused to give this bastard the satis-

faction of crying out, but my heavy, labored breathing and the tears forming in my eyes let him know he was hurting me. It was not so much the big dick up my ass that was killing me—I was rapidly getting used to its length and thickness, and my combination of vomit and spit did make an excellent lubricant—but his body heat and coarse, rough pubic hair grinding their way into the open wounds on my ass cheeks. I looked up at him with a pleading painful look, but was only rewarded with a large gob of his spit rolling down my left cheek. He was hurting the outside of my ass so much that it was a relief when he started fucking me, full length in and out, for at least on the outward strokes he was away from my ass.

His fucking was punctuated by deep, involuntary, animal-like grunts from my throat, his long inward thrusts literally knocking the wind out of me.

The two men who had been holding my legs in position relaxed their grip and climbed up on both fenders of the car and stood there holding their now half-hard dicks steadily in their hands as they looked down at me in my painful degraded position. As I knew that almost the entire membership had once again assembled around me, my humiliation was doubled as I felt the first drops of piss fall from the dicks of the two men who stood over me, striking me dead center in the face. I reflexively closed my eyes as the few drops became a torrent, my face serving as a urinal for these men, who took great pleasure in carefully guiding their piss stream up and down, deliberately aiming for my nose so that several times I was forced to breathe some of the hot smelly liquid into my lungs, then cough it back up in painful spasms, which tightened my asshole painfully tight around the wildly thrusting dick up my ass.

"Feeling good to you, Les?" one of the Commandos asked the president.

"Yeah, he's a real hot fuck. But you know what I like. Bring it around. This is one kid that can take it," Les responded with short heavy breaths as he slackened the speed and power of his thrusts up inside of me, as if wanting to make it last a while longer.

I was complimented that the president had said I could take it. But take what? I watched fearfully as the man who had just talked to Les walked over near the back of the club house and disappeared into an unlit, totally dark area.

A moment later I heard the unmistakably high-pitched whine of a Chrysler starter motor engaging a large V-8 engine. Bright headlights suddenly shone from the darkened area where

driver's door, telling me this must be the Commando's official club car.

Hurriedly, but with the confidence of men who know exactly what they are doing, two Commandos opened the hood of the Imperial and within seconds had disconnected the fuel line from the carburetor and blocked it off. The man inside started the engine again, which ran with silent mechanical perfection for about thirty seconds until the fuel in the float bowl had been entirely consumed. I began to get a horrible idea of what they were planning for me, as any mechanic knows there is only one reason for disabling an engine in this manner.

My heart leaped into my throat as my worst suspicions became confirmed by their actions. I saw the driver reach into the back seat and hand some six-foot long wires to one of the men who had been working under the hood.

Les had now stopped fucking me, his still completely stiff cock held firmly all the way up my ass as he, too, watched the Commando had disappeared and within moments I could see a beautifully restored 1966 Imperial, one of the largest, most powerful cars ever built, driving toward me and pulling up right next to my car, where the driver shut off the engine. A five-pointed star, partially surrounded by a large letter "C," the club emblem, was painted on the

intently as the men worked on the Imperial.

The man holding the wires quickly disconnected the number one spark plug wire from the distributor and in its place attached one of the six-foot long wires he had just been given. Holding the other end of the wire, he walked over and handed it to Les. Tauntingly, Les held the end of the wire up so that I could see the metal alligator clip, which he then reached down and snapped firmly onto my balls, sending a shudder of pain through my body.

Les once again started fucking my ass, this time raising my legs even higher so that he could penetrate me deeper than ever before. His breathing was coming fast. He clenched his teeth, and sweat was forming profusely on his forehead and face.

"Now!" he screamed, as I could feel his cock beginning to pulsate and throb deep in my guts.

For a split second, I heard the starter spin the 375 horsepower Imperial engine. Then my mind went blank, a blinding light flashed in my head, as the distributor connected with the wire attached to my balls and 6,000 low amperage volts passed through my body like lightning in a quick flash. My whole body twitched in a violent uncontrollable spasm.

When I regained my senses, I real-

## Gay Community News

Book Supplement / "A Durable Fig Leaf"  
An Historical Account of Man's Relation with his Penis



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ized that two more wires had been attached to me, one to each of my tits. Les was moaning softly as he continued fucking me full strength, his eyes tightly closed so that nothing would distract him from this wild feeling. I realized that, even though my piss-soaked body was taking most of the charge, he must be feeling some of it, too, and obviously he was really getting off on the feeling of my tight, hot ass massaging his hard-driving dick and at the same time passing sparks of electricity into it.

All at once I could feel it happening. Les' cock seemed to grow even bigger up inside of me and I could feel wetness beginning to seep from his dick hole, coating my ravaged asshole with smooth slick slime.

"AAAAGGGGGHHHH! Now!" Les roared at the moment he felt his balls contract violently, sending his anxious load of cum into my ass.

This time three blinding flashes of electricity left me gasping and momentarily twitching in uncontrolled helplessness on the hood of my car. When I came around to full consciousness, my first sight was Les, who was now standing alongside the car, gently patting my face to help bring me back to reality.

"BARON, you're the best ever," he said with a broad smile. His limp, shit and blood stained, slime covered dick resting on the fender of my car told me he had got what he came for. I just silently smiled back at him, now more confident than ever that I was going to pass their initiation and become a Commando.

"How's things going over here?" The Sergeant-at-arms had returned from supervising Ernie's whipping. Seeing the wires attached to my body and the expression on Les' face, he knew exactly what had happened. "Giving this one the full treatment, aren't you?" he said to Les. "How'd he do?"

"Toughest god damn kid I've ever seen. Took it all and didn't say a word," Les answered like a proud father boasting about his son.

"I figured he would be. Let's cut him down and see how much of a man we've got left," the Sergeant-at-arms said.

Two men instantly obeyed the administrator's words and worked quickly to untie the ropes around my wrists, removed the dog collar from around my neck, and disconnect the wires from my body. I hadn't realized how much pain I was in until I was freed and the circulation returned to my purple hands. Slowly I pulled my cramped arms down to my sides as the administrator himself released my ankles from

the shackles and removed the bullwhip, which had remained on my stomach throughout this entire ordeal, and placed it on the ground.

"Stand up," the administrator said to me.

I slid down off the hood and attempted to stand up, but the effects of the electric shocks and my legs having been raised for so long caused me to lose control of my legs and have to lean against the car for support.

"Kirk, how do you expect to join the Commandos with a filthy car like that. Look at the hood," the administrator said firmly.

Feeling my strength slowly coming back, but still hanging onto the car for support, I turned to examine my car.

"Look at that—piss stains, foot prints. You'd better show us how much you love your Dodge and lick her clean!" the administrator commanded.

Unhesitatingly I pulled myself back up on to the hood and began lapping up the piss, which my Classic wax job had caused to bead up like rain water. The taste of the piss, dirt, sweat and wax was turning my stomach, but I was determined not to fail now—not now when I had already endured so much pain and humiliation and was so close to passing the test. I kept licking up and down the length of the hood, the tops of the fenders, even the windshield where my hair had left grease marks on the glass.

"Kirk, get over here," the administrator barked after about five minutes had passed, pointing to a spot by the left front wheel of the Imperial. I noticed that during the time I had been occupied, the commandos had reconnected the engine, which was now softly purring at idle. Even with the hood open, this engine had been rebuilt to such perfection that it barely made a sound.

I quickly jumped off the Charger and walked over to where I had been summoned, relieved that my leg muscles and sense of balance had returned to normal. The administrator took a large diameter soft plastic tube and placed it over the head of my cock. I immediately felt a slight suction, and visually traced the tube to see that it was connected to the smog inlet of the monstrously large four-barrel carburetor.

The men gathered around me and watched, some gently stroking my body, as the man inside the Imperial revved the engine up, increasing the suction on my dick to a degree of pleasant painfulness.

I thought back over this night of wild new sensations—the whipping, the warm piss in my face, the hard fucking, the sight of Ernie's ass being whipped, the electric shocks, and now this fantas-

tic mechanical blow job I was receiving. I thought of all the pain and humiliation, as well as the encouragement, love and brotherhood these men were giving me, as my cock grew to its full length inside the tight sleeve of the flexible hose. Two men were now gently lapping at my tits with their tongues, while two others ran their hands gently up and down the insides of my legs, stopping occasionally to play tauntingly with my balls.

I could feel it happening, feel that car beginning to suck the cum out of my balls. I groaned loudly and threw my head back violently as I felt my balls giving up all resistance and shooting their cum up through my cock. Quickly, the administrator signaled to the man inside the Imperial, who gunned the engine very quickly up to its maximum, causing the car to almost triple the power of its suction on my throbbing cock.

The members watched intently as my cock shot its load, filling the clear plastic tube with my fiery hot cum, which was being drawn rapidly toward the carburetor, along with what felt like my entire insides.

The moment I came, however, on a signal from the administrator, the driver shut off the engine, thus sparing this wildly cocksucking car from having to swallow my load.

The administrator quickly left my side, as several of the men began working to disconnect my cock from the tube and the tube from the car, to replace the PCV valve connection to its proper place.

When that quick job was done, they closed the hood on the Imperial and I was physically picked up by four of the members and placed standing on the hood of the Imperial. Still standing naked in front of all these men and uncertain of what to expect next, I was astounded when the Sergeant-at-arms climbed up on the hood of the car next to me and placed my club jacket loosely around my bare shoulders. I was moved almost to tears by the sincere wild cheering of the other club members and the outstretched arms that fought to shake my hand in congratulations.

Taking a chance that I was now all right to speak, I turned to the sergeant-at-arms and asked him if Ernie had made it.

"Nope," he replied. "Listen, Baron, you're the sixteenth applicant we've tested this year, and the first one to make it. It takes a special man to join us, and you've made it. So be proud, kid, be damn proud. You're a Commando now."

## ETIENNE TAKES ON THE MECHANICS...



ETIENNE/STEPHAN'S ARTWORK IS AVAILABLE FROM TARGET STUDIOS, NEW YORK INCLUDING THESE DRAWINGS FROM HIS "THE PIT" SERIES.

# PICKUP

## IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT ACCORDING TO ROBERT PAYNE

You could call him a pickup, literally. I was driving along the coast highway and he was hitch-hiking near a very dark bend in the road. It was an unlikely place to hitch a ride. Who could possibly have dropped him off in such an isolated spot? Who would bother to pick him up? Me, that's who. I slowed down and stopped quite a way past where I saw him and started to back up to where he was standing. But suddenly there he was at the window and I opened the door for him.

He was in his middle twenties, blonde and athletic looking. He reminded me of the guy that played "Billy Budd" in the old movie. It was cold and misty along the coast but all he had on was a light windbreaker that was open to reveal an even lighter t-shirt with something about "Making War No More" like from the sixties.

"Been standing there long?" I said to open a conversation.

"A long time," he said. "Thanks for picking me up."

I didn't ask how he got stranded there. He'd tell me if he wanted me to know. "Where are you headed for?"

"The same direction you are," O.K. so when he wanted to get out he would tell me. So much for conversation. We drove along into the night, the headlights illuminating the curving wet ribbon of road. I turned the radio back up and when there had been nothing but shitkicking music on, suddenly I found something really listenable. He wordlessly seemed to agree since he leaned back and closed his eyes.

By the time the highway straightened out he was fast asleep and looked like an angel. He slumped down in the seat and his hands rested on his crotch. The faded jeans were filled with his heavy thighs and calves and his t-shirt had slipped up from the top of his pants. A neat belly button looked out, surrounded by light blond hair going up toward his chest and down toward his pubic area. His hand rested on the mound that was obviously his cock which was expanding in his sleep. He would rub it occasionally, aimlessly, unknowing that I couldn't keep my eyes away. The lights from the dashboard were just bright enough to illuminate the swelling and dim enough to tantalize me even more.

I made a sharp turn to the right to leave the highway and head into one of the little towns along the coast. It seemed time for gas and some coffee. I was not getting sleepy, watching that beautiful kid's body had kept me wide-eyed. But it was a six hour or more trip and wouldn't hurt to stop. As I turned, he slid over against me, still asleep, and suddenly had his head on my shoulder. To hell with the gas and coffee!

His hand had fallen away from his crotch and my right hand replaced it. He stirred and pressed against my hand. Who needed any more signal than that? I began some serious rubbing of that growing mound and his thighs slowly spread apart. He turned his face toward me and put his right hand on my thigh. It fingered along until it came to my cock and balls and then squeezed. The whole procedure took less than ten miles and some erratic driving on my part. Thank whoever for power steering. If he had been really asleep in the first place, he certainly wasn't now. He unbuttoned my jeans and fished for a cock that was too hard to double up on its way out. I helped and it sprang to attention away from my newly-freed balls. He ran his fingers up and down it as it throbbed. I raised my arm up, put it around him and then placed my hand on his neck and pushed his head down. Down he went, but he was upright again in a few seconds.

"I thought that was what you wanted," I said flatly.

"Yes, sir, but we had better stop the car first." His eyes were wide and he looked frightened. More important than 'stop the car' was that beautiful word 'sir'.

Like magic a side road appeared. It seemed to go up the hill to nowhere in particular and there was no gate, not even a mailbox. We bounced along, the old Pontiac groaned complainingly on the ruts in the road but low and behold there was a group of trees surrounding a level spot. We stopped and the minute I turned off the ignition and the lights, I grabbed his neck again and pushed him down on my cock. The kid was good, really good, he certainly knew what he was doing.

While he was busy sucking I reached around and unbuttoned his pants (doesn't anybody ever wear zippers

anymore?). That fat prick of his felt like it hadn't seen action for some time. His balls were almost swollen they were so big and firm.

"Put down those pants, mister." No sooner said than done, and he didn't miss a beat while he did it. I lifted his t-shirt up over his head and threw it in the back seat. The unbuttoned jacket came off with it easily. He got his firm tits up to me as I reached for them and I gave one of them a good twist. He didn't shrink back. The other one was just as receptive. Hell, let's really give this guy a good workover. Someone had really trained him well.

"Get out of the car." He pulled his pants away from his ankles, dropping his shoes and yanking off his socks. He opened the door of the car and stepped out, mother-naked with no apparent fear whatever that I would drive off leaving him that way in the middle of nowhere. He stood almost at attention.

I led him to a big log that had once been one of the trees in the little grove and pulled him over my lap. I pulled off my belt and tied his wrists behind him. Giving his beautiful little ass a couple of pops with the back of my hand, I then separated those perfect mounds and stuck a finger in. He moaned either in ecstasy or pain. I stuck it in all the way. He cried out and quietly whimpered, "Thank you, sir."

I got thanked for two fingers, then three, pulled them out and put them in his mouth. He sucked like they were teats filled with the milk of life. Putting him down in the wet grass on his knees, I made him continue the blow session. He was too good and I was climaxing too soon. I pulled out and slapped him hard across the face. "Thank you sir." His head was bent down, he was nude and kneeling, like a figure out of a Victorian steel-engraving of Roman or Greek slaves. I sat admiring him while my juices stopped boiling for a minute or two.

"Sir, may I speak?" It was said without looking up.

"Speak up."

"Would you be good enough to beat me, sir. Really beat me like I deserve?"

"What have you done to deserve it?" a two-answer question if ever I heard one.

"I would like to tell you afterward, sir."

Say no more, I took the belt off his wrists and forearms and took him over to the waiting Pontiac, "Get up on the hood, asshole."

He scrambled up and lay across the hood with the Indian ornament centered square in his navel. His ass and legs hung down along the grill and his bare feet rested on the edge of the bumper. Not the most comfortable of positions. Now he looked like a hunter's prize strapped to the hood for all to admire. All he needed were antlers and a bit of a boottail.

I raised the heavy wide belt and got to work on his butt. First the right cheek then the left. He grabbed the smooth metal of the hood and thanked me with each stroke. I covered his ass and his upper back and legs with angry red stripes.

He would scream his thanks and then beg me for forgiveness. A great slave scene I decided, since he hadn't done anything to deserve such a thorough beating.

Eventually there was nowhere left to leave welts on, at least anywhere that there wouldn't be some other damage. I do know what I am doing in that area, I made him turn over and finished both sides of his muscular legs and upper chest, even smacking him a few times across his tender belly. I finally ordered him down off the car.

He licked my boots, and then crawled up to my ready-to-go cock. The wet I felt in that area was not only from his moist mouth but from the tears that were streaming down his face. The sucker had me so hot in a couple of minutes that I stood him up, turned him around, bent him over and plunged every hot throbbing, blood-swollen inch of cock I could muster into his tight little hole.

I shot what seemed like gallons and for what seemed like minutes. What a trip! He was back down on his knees in the grass staring at my newly cleaned boots, "Now boy, let's hear what you have done that requires such heavy punishment." My cock and balls were still hanging out of my pants and I was leaning-sitting on the old log.

Without moving he told me the story of his lover. It was factual, if sentimental and while involved, he made it relatively brief. It seems that he was in high school when he and his lover/master met. He had never had sex with a man before or a woman either for that matter. He was hitching a ride home from school and ended up going to the older (by ten years) guy's home instead. This lover saw him through school and a couple years of junior college since his parents had split up and he had been staying with an aunt. The two lovers were perfectly matched. They worked together, played together, slept together with the older guy training the younger just the way he wanted him. They built a home, doing much of the

work themselves. There had been a business they were building as well. Then a couple of years ago after a party they were driving home, too high on grass and there was an accident. The younger guy survived and was in the hospital that his friend died in.

"I sneaked out of my room to the Intensive Care Unit to see him and he was in a coma. He never came out of it. I made them let me sit with him and I was with him when they finally disconnected the life support system. I was holding his hand, but I guess he was already gone."

"So why is all this your fault?" was the logical question.

"He was driving and I was blowing him. He was just coming when we went over the embankment."

I could understand that feeling with the kind of blowjobs this guy gave. I would probably throw my hands in the air and not care where the car went either. Anyway, I asked where he was going when I picked him up.

"Wherever you are going, sir." So I pissed all over his kneeling body and we got in the car. He asked me if he should put on his clothes and I told him no. We drove in to Santa Barbara in a couple of hours and he carried my luggage naked as the day he was born.

It was a great hundred days that followed. When I let him wear clothes, he wore damned little, just enough to get us in the market or a bar. At home, nothing. I pierced his right tit and shaved his crotch and ass. He kept the place cleaner than it had ever been and my lawn and plants had never looked better. He blew me the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. I slept with my cock in his ass and his cock untouched. I could see how the other guy had felt about him. He needed someone to tell him what to do although he had no trouble in figuring how to do it. I played Daddy and Master and he worked at being the best slaveboy he knew how.

He told me about his former relationship sometimes when we were laying quietly together. How the family had fought his getting the estate or even coming to the funeral. The business was sold and he was on his own. He wasn't bitter or maudlin about it and while he must have realized it bothered me to hear about how great his love had been for the dead lover, he occasionally spoke of it.

"I think a lot of times about how things would be if we were still together. You can't be a part of someone and not be partly lost when they are gone. Man, if he were to walk in the door today, I'd get down on my knees and thank God. Then I'd stay on my knees and wash that man's feet and drink the washwater. I'd do anything he said, whatever it was. If he wanted to cut off my balls or brand me or make me wear a dress like a wife (the third act seemed the most intolerable), I'd do it." Then he realized he was com-

promising our relationship and added, "I might even do it for you too, sir." He smiled a little. "But you understand, don't you sir?"

"Of course, baby. Now let's talk about something else."

There was a continual need for punishment and just a spank or being tied spread eagle to the bed for hours on end wouldn't do it. This man wanted to be beaten—and beaten hard. There were always the pleading for more and the tears. He would scream "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, sir!" and thank me and beg for more. Thank goodness the nearest neighbor is out of hearing distance. In a few hours there was little or no trace of the belt marks, which amazed me.

Then one day he was gone. I came home and there was a note of thanks telling me he had to leave. In the weeks that have passed since then I have thought back on this beautiful fellow that was given to me on a deserted highway, of our time together and what he gave me as well as the terrible burden he took upon himself to carry. In a sentimental moment—one can be sentimental about slaves—I counted the time I had had him. It was exactly a hundred days and now there isn't a trace of him, except in my memory. The house is almost as disordered as before he came and while the yard looks better, it is beginning to show the lack of care he gave it.

I drive the coast highway fairly often and for some reason think that sometime I may see him again on that same strip of road he said the accident occurred. Then one day when I was up in San Francisco on a trip, I thought of something. I remembered where it was that the guy said his lover was buried. I was pretty sure of the name having heard it often enough and it wasn't too much trouble to look up the gravesite in those big rolling hill cemeteries in the little towns outside of S.F. I asked at the office and they gave me the block and drive and area. I parked the Pontiac in the public parking area and walked up the grassy slope. Sure enough there it was. The name, the date was just what the kid had said. I looked down at the bronze plate and read the name. "You must have been one hell of a man, mister. You sure won't ever be forgotten as long as Steve—"

I looked over at the next marker. Had the guy been buried in the family plot? Who cared and what business of it was mine? But the inscription gave me a start.

"STEVEN JAMES BROPHY" it read. That was the kid's name. The year of death was the same as the older lover. Three years ago, just like he said. The months were different, though. The lover had died in January, about the date I had picked the kid up. I looked at the date of Steven James Brophy's death, and did some fast mental calculating.

A hundred days later to the day three years ago. □



**DRUMSTICKS**

# MISSING LINK

To solve this puzzle, first determine the answers for the nine clues in the left-hand column, and for the nine clues in the right-hand column. Then, fill in the middle spaces so that the two words form a longer word.

For Example:

1. Meadow

**LEATHERS**

Belongs to a lady

By putting a **T** in the middle, you form the word **LEATHERS**.

Got it? When you have it all properly completed, the middle column, reading down, spells out advice to a master on what to do to his slave.

1. Torso extremity
2. Play on words
3. Male bovine
4. Athlete (colloq.)
5. Yank hard

— — — —  
— — — —  
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— — — —  
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— — — —

6. Health resort
7. Rump
8. In a direction toward
9. Uppermost

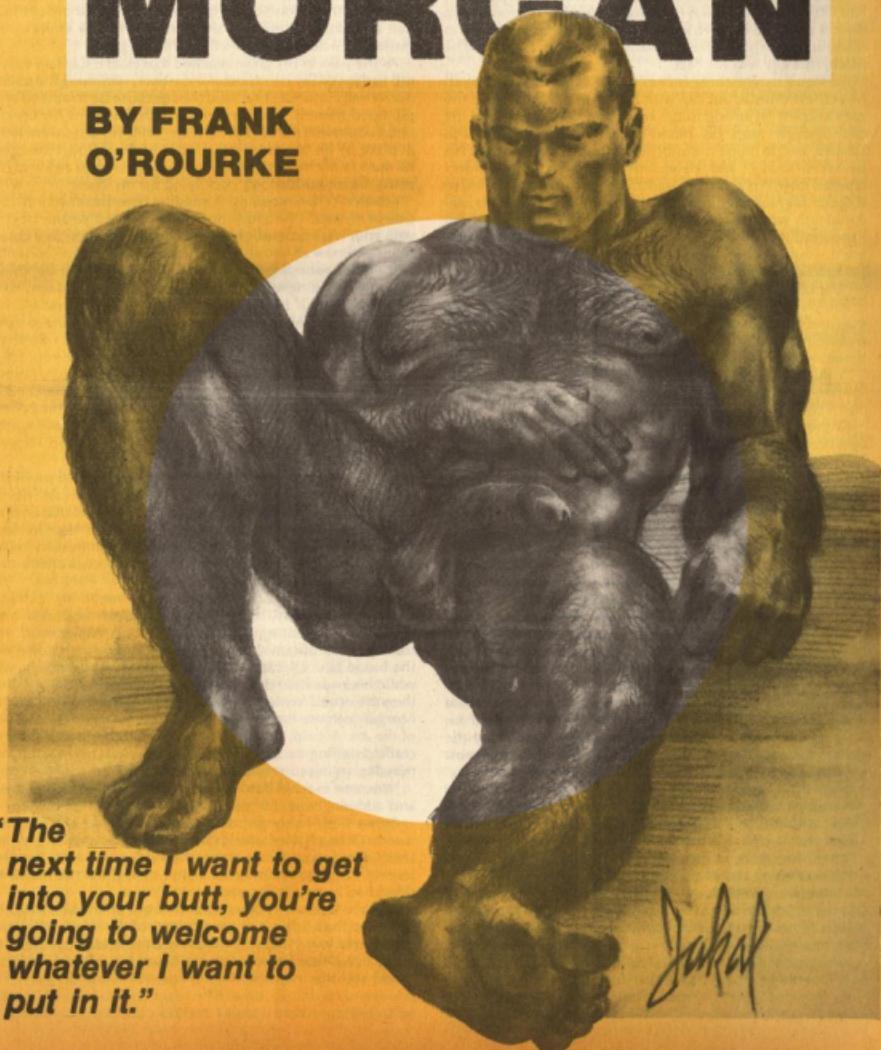
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Third person neuter pronoun  
Small storage building  
Strike forcefully  
Snare  
Sex usually done  
in a sling  
Monarch  
Spanish "rah"  
Allow  
Indefinite article  
before a vowel

*Note: If you want the answers to this Missing Links, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Missing Links-Drummer, 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.*

# CAPTAIN MORGAN

BY FRANK O'ROURKE



*"The  
next time I want to get  
into your butt, you're  
going to welcome  
whatever I want to  
put in it."*

*Jakaf*

ALL AFTERNOON CARS, VANS AND HOGS ARRIVED AT THE RESORT IN THE PEEKSKILLS. A friend of mine drove me up from New York City in the early morning. When I checked into my cabin, I discovered that my roommate, whom I did not know, had not yet arrived.

Gays in leather strolled around the grounds, surveying it for potential S/M scenes. Other gays relaxed in shorts and swim suits around the pool. The straights staying at the resort were friendly and obviously curious.

Just before dinnertime, a black Mercedes coupe arrived. I had left my cabin and was heading for the dining room. From the car a Marine captain, in dress uniform, stepped out. It was obvious to me that unlike the many fake uniforms around the place, this guy was for real.

He stood maybe three inches over six feet. Bending over, he retrieved his white cap with its Marine insignia from the car's seat. As he strode to the reception desk, he placed the cap squarely atop his blond-haired head. The skin was tanned, a wide blond moustache mounted over thin lips. His jaw was square and determined. The broad shoulders tapered down to a narrow waist. The uniform pants failed to disguise his muscular legs. I could see no hint of a basket, so I could only wonder about that. He looked so fucking straight, I thought, what a damn waste! I wondered if the management would let him spend the night.

I followed him to the desk.

"Captain Morgan." The deep voice matched the man.

The clerk was finally able to tear his eyes away from the man and he checked the meet's list. "Yes, sir," he responded, weakly. He handed the man his packet, containing the meet's schedule and his room key.

"I think I'll eat first."

"Yes, sir. The dining room is that way," the clerk pointed down the hall.

As the Captain passed, his eyes scanned me with a look of open contempt. Christ, no one had ever made me feel like such a piece of shit before—and with just a look!

I've been known to be a pushy bottom. In fact, there's been a number of so-called tops who ended up under me, or in my own fashion I've run the show from the bottom.

The afternoon went by uneventfully. I went to a local bar with some friends, returning to my cabin just after dark. I wondered if my cabin mate had arrived. I knew that many of the guys would be getting in from the city the next morning. The resort's gates would be closed and guarded after noon-time and no one would be allowed in until Sunday afternoon.

As I opened the room door, I heard the shower running and saw several pieces of black luggage by the dresser. Well, well, I thought, another challenge. As I threw my leather jacket on the bed, I heard the shower stop. The bathroom door opened. I caught my breath. Captain Morgan! He was drying his chest. I didn't know what to say. I looked his magnificent body over and my eyes were trapped by the monstrous cock which hung from the blond hair. It must measure ten inches and it wasn't even half hard.

"Hi," I managed to croak.

He didn't speak. Again, he was looking at me as if I was a piece of shit. I felt myself blush as anger replaced embarrassment.

"Man, fuck you," I growled.

His expression didn't change, but I thought I caught a glint of amusement in his blue eyes as he walked up to me and with one fell swoop he slammed me with the flat of his huge hand on the side of the head. I found myself on the floor, my head lying next to his naked feet.

I shook my head, scrambled to my feet and swung out at him, ramming my hard fist into his steely washboard stomach. For a moment I saw his broad grin as his fist connected with my jaw. I went out like a light. When I came to, I was still on

the floor but I was stark naked with my hands bound behind me. My head was encased in a hood, the eyepieces were snapped on so I could not see and a leather gag engulfed my mouth, allowing only my moans to escape. I could hear no sound in the room. I rolled over to struggle to my feet, but a hard boot shoved me on my back.

The lousy, cocksucking bastard, I thought. I'll get you, you bastard, I screamed unintelligibly through the gag. The boot ground into my groin and it was only then that I was aware that I had a raging hard on. The pain was excruciating and I knew that there was no way for me to talk myself out of this. I had a chilling feeling that any demands for my limits to be respected would have no effect on this guy.

As the pain in my groin reached a peak, the Captain eased off. I adjusted my hands behind my back, flattening the palms out. It was fortunate that I did this, because he straddled and plumped himself down on my stomach, knocking my breath out. I could feel his naked, hard ass, while my sides were held in place by his muscular legs, clad in leather. God, I thought, he must really be hot looking in chaps. I was most aware of his heavy balls and his long cock lying on my chest.

I couldn't help moaning. A stinging blow slammed into the side of my face. "Be a fucking man, scumbag. I've only begun with you." As I quieted down, he continued in soft, but clear, tones. "I know all about you, shifite. It's no fucking accident that you're rooming with me." How the hell did he know about me, I've never met him before. Christ, I'd damn well remember. As if he had heard my unspoken question, he continued his lecture, "You gave a buddy of mine a hard time. You told him he could do this and couldn't do that. Well, I guess he's pretty insecure and let you have your way, but it isn't going to happen this weekend. You're mine, scumbag, and I determine the limits. Before this weekend is over you're going to be pleading for cock and anything else I want to give you. This weekend, you don't touch any liquid except what comes from my cock. If you're real good, I'll give it to you directly from the source."

Captain Morgan moved up on my chest. I could smell his crotch. My own cock dripped furiously. I can never remember wanting anything as badly as I wanted that cock. I felt a wetness around my nostrils and knew that he was rubbing his dripping cock over my nostrils. I sniffed, trying to suck up the fuck juice. A club smacked me on each cheek and I realized that it was his hard cock.

My captor got up off of me and pulled me to my feet. My knees were shaky, but his strong arms encircled my shoulders, preventing me from stumbling. As I gained my footing, the Captain shoved me and I landed face down on the broad bed. Quickly, the Captain untied one of my hands while his knee held the other and transferred it to his hand and then the other. My legs were spread and cuffed. I felt Captain Morgan join me on the bed. His hands massaged the cheeks of my ass. A cold, greasy substance was rubbed into the ass crack. His fingers eased into my asshole. I tightened my muscles, trying to refuse him entry.

"You can make it hard on yourself, scumbag." He paused and added, "Now, let me in."

Damn him, I thought. If I give in, he'll do anything he wants. I'll teach the bastard that no one does anything to me that I don't want done. I clenched the muscles of my ass, forcing his fingers out, or, at least, I thought at the moment that I had forced them out.

I felt the Captain's body shift and he got off the bed. Fingers loosened the leather lacing in the back of the hood. The dildo gag was removed from my mouth and the hood was eased off of my head. I expected to see the angry face above me, but I found the big man grinning at me. He made no move to remove my bindings, instead he reached into his warbag and extracted an article which I couldn't see. Captain Morgan

moved quickly, he seized me by the head, my mouth gaped open, and he shoved a plug into my mouth and tied it at the back of my head. The hard bulk forced my tongue down and effectively prevented me from making any sound.

"I've been playing with you, fuckhead, now, I'm going to get into some serious business. The next time I want to get into your butt, you're going to welcome whatever I want to put in it."

My captor, I call him that because that sure as hell is what he was, stood back for a moment eyeing my naked helpless form. A chill gripped my stomach while my cock betrayed me by getting harder under me. I was glad he couldn't see it. As if he knew my thoughts, he reached under me and squeezed the now hard flesh. He found my balls and rolled them in his large hand, causing me to groan from the pain which shot up into my groin. He pulled my hard cock down and out from under me. The Captain went to the closet and extracted a thin supple cane which he swished through the air as he walked back to the bed. The force of his drives caused the cane to bend and whistle in a particularly vicious manner. My eyes drifted to the Captain's crotch and his half erect monster which was growing in obvious anticipation of things to come. "Discipline," Captain Morgan began. "Discipline is the basic criterion for a relationship." His voice was deep and unexacted, there was a hypnotic quality to it. "You're a pushy bastard. I guess it worked with some of the pussy who call themselves masters."

Without any warning, the air whistled and the cane landed across my ass. The fire of the blow exploded in my ass and brain. I shrieked from the pain, but the gag effectively muffled my cry. My eyes teared and my teeth bit into the gag. The second blow quickly followed the first. If my ass had been a rocket, the blow would have ignited it and I would have soared into orbit. Blow after biting blow scorched my ass. My brain, my nerve endings cringed, but, inexplicably, and overwhelming erotic pleasure gripped me. My breathing became shortened and, unreasonably, I prayed that he would not stop. Again, he must have sensed that I was beginning to groove on the action, so he abruptly stopped.

Captain Morgan must have had a leather cat nearby because the first sharp flick landed on my inner thighs and it brought tears to my eyes. I willed that he stop, since in the past I had been able to control the scene. It was incredible that this bastard would not bend to my will. Again, he must have sensed what I was thinking because the many strands ate into my sensitive legs. I later discovered that the Captain's normal cats were far from being normal. The one he was using on me had knotted ends while his Death-Bringer had weighted tips. During one spate of insurrection against the Captain, I would learn the full effects of the Death-Bringer and I would never again wish to have its fierce kiss on my flesh.

My body began to betray my will by responding to the blows which were creasing and had begun marking my flesh. My ass rose in anticipation of the next blow. There was a buzzing in my brain and my nut sac tightened in preparation for the violent orgasm which was building up. My breathing began to be labored and shallow as I felt myself coming closer to the eruption. The pounding in my loins was only matched by the increased tempo of the Captain's beating. I felt wet drops on my back as my brain exploded, the muscles of my ass pumped, urging the seemingly endless flow of semen to erupt from my cock. My muscles twitched and contracted. It was only then that I became aware that the rain of blows had stopped. My labored breathing was punctuated by the Captain's own gasps. He had come at the moment of my own orgasm.

Reaching down, the Captain scooped his come into his hand. With his other hand he untied the mouth plug and

removed it. Grabbing my head by the hair, he lifted my head off of the bed and offered me his hand. "Eat my come, asshole," he commanded. I licked the cold goo from his hand. It tasted salty, but I tried not to miss a bit of it. I licked his fingers clean. "Good boy," was his only comment.

He released the bindings which held my hands and legs and I rolled stiffly over on my back. I had my first good view of the man who had taken me over so quickly.

Standing by the side of the bed, my eyes were captured by his well-muscled legs with their covering of light blond hair. The two heavy columns were joined by a large bush of golden hair and from this curly jungle sprung a long ivory phallus with a bulbous, menacing-looking reddened head. Beneath, two large balls hung in their wrinkled bag. The Captain's stomach was a washboard that was devoid of any hair and the pectorals were clearly defined without the over-heaviness so many muscle builders acquire. The corona around the nipples were wide while the nipples were small and lacked my own length and breadth. The Captain had been watching my slow inventory with an amused look on his face. I expected him to make some comment, but I would learn that he knew me better than I knew myself.

"Come on," he said as he turned away from the bed and headed for the bathroom.

I struggled from the bed and followed him. Only for a single moment did I think about grabbing my clothing and escaping from the room. He slid the shower door open and stepped in, indicating that I was to follow him.

As I stepped over the raised step, I caught a look of my back in the mirror. My back, ass, and legs were stripped in criss-cross lines of red which made my cock jump. The Captain was facing me with his large hands resting on his narrow hips. A look of satisfaction glinted in his eyes. "Nice," he murmured as he expressed his own aesthetic appreciation of his handiwork. Reaching across me, he slid the shower door closed. Aiming the shower nozzle at me, he turned on the water which was icy cold. I gasped at the fierce jet of water as the Captain adjusted the temperature. When it acquired the desired warmth, he pushed me to the back of the tub, handing me a wash cloth and a bar of soap.

Captain Morgan turned his broad back to me. "Get to work, asshole."

Taking the soap, I lathered the wet wash cloth and began to scrub the velvet-textured skin, starting at his shoulders. Working downward, I crouched in order to attack, with shaky hands, the two magnificent globes. "Drop the cloth and soap," the Captain ordered as he spread his legs and offered me his muscular ass. "Get that dick-licking mouth and tongue into the crack. I want you to clean my hole with your tongue."

My cock had gotten hard when I first touched the Captain's upper back. My soapy hands gripped the cheeks of his butt, separating the globes. Soapy water coursed down the Captain's back into the cleft and I buried my lips in the crack. My tongue searched for the pucker and when I found it, I attacked it with a vengeance, driving my pointed tongue into the orifice. The water affected my breathing, but, as I tasted the musky excretions of the rectal passage, I acted as a potent aphrodisiac, compelling me to greater and more demanding efforts. The Captain responded by pushing back on my mouth, thus urging me on. I almost cried out in frustration because my tongue could go no further.

After a few minutes of tongue-fucking, the Captain stood erect again and swung around—his monstrous prong facing me threateningly. Grabbing my hair, the Captain began slapping the side of my face with his steel rod.

It was my first "face-to-face" view of this glorious monster. In my jack-off fantasies, I had always pictured myself being screwed by something like this. I had thought, originally, that

it was ten inches, but I realized that I had underestimated—it was at least 12 inches, a battering ram. I was now convinced that there are fantasies in life which should never be realized and I was being beaten by one of them.

The monstrous, bulbous head with its large piss slit was oozing viscous threads of pre-come. Oh, God, I thought, I've got to break out of here. Again, he must have sensed my thoughts because his grip on my hair tightened to the point where I thought he was going to rip the hair out by the roots. He ran the dripping slit across my lips and I spontaneously ran my tongue across my lips and along the slit. My taste buds savored the mixture of salt and honey, a peculiar nectar which I could learn to crave.

"Open up and suck it!"

"Jesus, I can't. It's too big. You'll kill me."

Before I could say anymore, Captain Morgan got a grip on my head and forced my jaws apart. I recognized the futility of fighting the inevitable as the head of his cock entered my mouth. I had to strain to open my mouth to welcome the huge tube. "Take a breath," he urged me as he tried to plunge the cock into my throat. The head was so large that I didn't even have the opportunity to gag at his invasion. I've been deep-throated before but it is the first time that my esophagus had been so filled. My throat ached from the shaft and only half of it was in my mouth and throat. He tried plunging further but I felt myself starving for air.

The Captain pulled out and I gasped for air. The air seared my bruised throat. He patted me on the head, reassuringly, "You'll learn to take it all in time. It'll take some time but, in time, you'll bury your nose in my crotch hair."

He lifted me from my knees, exchanging places with me in the shower. Grabbing the bar of soap, he lathered his cock and balls, stroking his heavy cock until the entire shaft was covered with white foam. "Turn around, asshole, and grab the shower head."



# EAGLE LEATHERS

MAIN OFFICE 4012 CEDAR SPRINGS ROAD  
DALLAS, TEXAS 75219  
214-528-4620

DALLAS

4012 CEDAR SPRINGS  
4025 MAPLE AVE  
4117 MAPLE AVE

HOUSTON

1022 WESTHEIMER  
1732 WESTHEIMER  
1735 WESTHEIMER

"Oh, man, I don't get fucked. I'm a cocksucker. I've never taken it up the ass."

"Stop whining, cunt. Act like a man. Now, don't give me any shit." In an almost spontaneous punctuation of his words, the Captain lashed out and smashed me across the face with the back of his hand. The blow dazed me for a moment and during that time the Captain had turned around, reached under me, grabbed my nut sac in his hand and squeezed on it warningly as he pulled it under me. To relieve the tremendous pressure, I had to bend over.

The Captain probed my hole with his soapy finger. He stretched my hole by easing one finger after another into the hole. I tried to squeeze the invading fingers out but it was useless.

"Don't fight me, fuckhead," the Captain growled, squeezing my balls to make his point. "Loosen up. The looser you are the better it will be for you."

"Please, sir. I'll do anything you want. Give me a break. I'll suck you off." I was so frantic, I would have promised anything to be free of the menacing threat behind me.

Captain Morgan chuckled, drily. "You'll drink my come, you can believe it, asshole, but not right now."

During the exchange, the Captain eased his fingers out of my ass. I felt a blunt probing against my sore ass lips and terror gripped me as I knew it was the head of his cock. I tried to pull myself away but the pressure on my balls prevented me. I was bent over with my hands flat on the shower wall.

"Push out as if you were taking a shit," the Captain directed. "It'll make it easier for you."

I knew that if I tried to fight it, he would rip me apart, not to mention what he'd do to my already aching balls. I resigned myself to fate and pushed and grunted. I had come to feel that it would never get in me, but a flash of pain tortured my hole as the head entered. Once the head was in the Captain shoved inexorably planting more and more of his tree into my ass. I was sure that he was tearing me apart. It seemed as if he would never stop. More and more of my ass was filled as the cock surged further into my gut. The pain was excruciating, more than I had ever suffered before. I clenched my teeth, wondering would he ever get it all in or would he kill me trying?

Suddenly, I felt the coarse hair of his pubis rubbing against my tender whipped ass. "Jesus, you're tight," the Captain murmured as he released my balls and grabbed my hips. He eased the shaft out until the bulbous head rested only inside of my ass. With one forceful plunge he drove it into the hilt without any pause. The force took my breath away. He began his brutal sawing in and out. The pain lessened and I felt a wave of warmth and erotic response surge up my spine and explode in my brain. My body responded to the hard, demanding fucking. The Captain reached around me and grabbed my nipples between his fingers and began pinching and twisting them. My cock was throbbing and I dropped my hand to start stroking myself.

"You don't touch yourself, unless I tell you to."

Releasing one of my tits the Captain started slapping my ass which caused me to tighten my grip on the titanic probe. My balls were seeking their own release, but I didn't dare to touch myself. The tempo speeded up and I realized that my Master was reaching his climax. I knew that when he came he would drown me with his load. An unusual sensation was gripping me, my ass muscles flexed more and more as I felt my balls churn. The Captain sensed what was happening. It drove him to a greater sense of urgency since he knew I was close to coming too. My cock leaped as the first spurt of come erupted. The Captain's cock pulsated and the head swelled in my ass as he poured load after load of hot come into my gut. I would have collapsed on the floor of the shower if the Captain hadn't gripped me around the waist. He kept me wedged

to his gasping body as I felt his cock soften in my bruised ass.

Slowly, he eased himself out of my ass. I felt so empty. It was as though I had never been so complete before, and now an important something had been removed from me. I would never have believed before that anyone could make me come without some contact on my cock. Incredible!

I turned and faced this man who had mastered me, who had denied me my little games, who had refused to play by my rules. He was smiling at me. He brushed back the hair which had fallen over my eyes; his two hands cupped my face as he bent down to kiss me. His tongue entered my mouth and sucked on it passionately. I pressed my naked body against his, our cocks ground into each other in temporary challenge. Pulling away from me, he placed his hands on my shoulders and forced me to my knees. I knelt facing the flatulent priaps which had challenged, mastered and conquered me. The Captain gripped it in his hand and a course of golden piss started to flow from the large slit. He directed it to my cock and balls, soaking them and he directed the stream toward my face. I bowed my head and the piss coursed through my hair and down my back. "Open up." Hypnotized by this titan, I slowly parted my lips and the hot piss coursed into my mouth. I started, reflexively and without thinking, to swallow the hot piss. The force and interminable flow prevented me from swallowing much of it; the rest spewed out of my mouth and ran down my chest into my already soaked crotch. The piss slowed to a dribble and the Captain shoved the soft head into my mouth and I licked and sucked the rest of the piss in his tube.

Turning his back to me, he rinsed off and stepped out of the shower. "Get cleaned up. Be quick about it." I got off of my knees and grabbed the soap and started to shower. When I washed my tender hole, I gasped a bit. The shower door opened. "Step on it, asshole. Use the towel on the sink ledge to dry off with. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," I murmured.

When I finished my shower, I stepped out of it, apprehensively. The towel on the sink ledge was damp. I realized it was the towel that the Captain had just used. I buried my nose into the towel, trying to catch the scent of his body.

I walked into the bedroom and found Captain Morgan sitting on the edge of the bed. He was dressed in a body harness with a snap-on studded crotch piece. Black leather chaps circled his waist and encased his muscular legs. Shining boots were on his feet. A black leather cap nestled firmly on his blond head.

"Come over here and kneel in front of me."

Captain Morgan reached into a war bag by his side and brought out a wide dog collar which he fitted around my neck. A small padlock prevented anyone from removing it. The collar was so wide that I could not bend my neck, making it a constant reminder of my status as Captain Morgan's slave.

"Now, stand up."

The Captain reached out and stroked my cock, causing it to harden in his hand. A hard flick on my cock head brought a wince from me and my cock shriveled. Taking a leather harness from the bag, he fastened the leather cockring and ball separator to my cock and balls. I felt the needlepoints on th inside. The Captain squeezed hard, letting me know that I had no choice in the matter.

"Turn around, asshole and bend over."

I felt something inserted in my asshole and something cool being injected. I realized that the Captain was greasing up my already sore asshole.

"Now, you'll be ready for whatever comes."

"Thank you, sir," was all I could think to say.

"It's time to go to dinner," Captain Morgan said as he arose from the bed.

I looked around the room for the clothing I would be

wearing and noticed that none of my clothes was in sight.

"What will I wear, sir?"

"You're wearing it, except for this." Captain Morgan extracted a dog leash which he attached to the ring in my cock and ball harness. He jerked the leash and the needle point bit into my cock and balls.

I had never felt so apprehensive of what was to come. I felt absolutely humiliated and I realized that this was only the beginning. What could I do? I looked at my awesome Master and knew that if I made any objections I would pay for it.

"We're going over to the main house and the dining room. You will always walk a few paces behind me with your hands clasped behind you. You will not speak unless you're addressed by me or another Master. You will keep your answers short and respectful. Do not shame me. Any breach of conduct and I'll flay the skin off of you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I mumbled and dropped my head from the shame.

"That's the right attitude," the Captain approved. "You will always keep your head and eyes dropped. When I or any other Master addresses you, you will not look at us directly."

I ought to tell this asshole to fuck off, I thought. This is fucking ridiculous! I'm not a nerd; I'm not without a sense of self-esteem; I'm not...Jesus, my mind tells me all of these things but the whole thing turns me on. Mentally, I shrugged, promising that I would call the entire thing to a halt when it became unendurable.

Captain Morgan started for the door to the outside. I did not follow quick enough and the needlepoints of my cock ring/ball separator harness ate into the tender flesh, causing me to shorten the distance between us rapidly. I would learn quickly to leave some slack in the leash that separated me from my Master.

The cool evening air brought goose bumps. My entire

**I turned and faced this man who had mastered me, who had denied me my little games, who had refused to play by my rules.**

body tensed as I walked through the door. Men were heading for the main building with its offices and dining room. I noted quickly that no one was naked. I hoped that the men who ran the show would order the Captain to bring me back to the room and have me put some clothing on. I could see slaves with their collars and some had leashes attached to the collars while others walked on equal terms with their Masters.

As I stepped off of the stoop into the evening, I felt the sharp pebbles eat into the sensitive soles of my feet. I was glad when we left the roadway and crossed the grassy yard to the broad porch which fronted the main building. The hallway inside of the doorway was crowded with hot looking men in leather. They acted as the greeting committee.

"Black Jack" Leathers, the manager of the run, towered above those other men. His black beard gave him a Satanic visage which he tended to accentuate by a perpetual menacing look. I had seen him a number of times at the Mineshaft and both tops and bottoms danced service to him, giving him the respect his very attitude demanded. As he spotted the Captain, a miracle occurred, "Black Jack" broke out in a broad smile.

"How are you, Captain?"

"Just great. I'm looking forward to a wonderful and fulfilling weekend."

"Black Jack" looked at me, his face hardening. I had had a date with him in the past and never showed up, because I knew that I would not be able to manipulate him as I had

esophagus apart. Spurt after spurt of come ejaculated into my throat. Notwithstanding the burning pain of my throat, I found myself wanting to taste his come. It was then that my own cock erupted its own load. I was trapped on my Master's cock, beginning to suffocate and unable to touch my own spouting cock. The pressure in my throat eased and my Master pushed me off of his cock. I thought all of this beautiful load was buried in my gut, but I quickly discovered that a few remaining spurts were oozing on to my tongue, allowing me to enjoy his delicious load.

Captain Morgan's hand smashed me in the face, causing my head to ring. "You've messed up my boots and the rug, scumbag. Get down there and clean it up."

I released his cock which me made no effort to return to his codpiece, merely letting it hang there tantalizingly. I crouched over and began to lick my come which speckled his shining boots. The smell of leather assailed my nostrils, driving me to more frantic efforts. After I cleaned the boots to their original pristine sheen, I bent hesitantly to the few drops which covered the carpet. The Captain sensed my queasiness and placed the sole of his boot on my neck, driving my face into the gooey mess. I licked the mixture of come and grime into my mouth. I tasted the cold come and grit and forced myself to swallow it. When I finished, the Captain did not permit me to raise myself. He kept me bent over on my knees with my face buried in the pile. At times he exerted pressure on my neck to the point where I was certain he would snap the spinal column and then he would ease off.

After what seemed a veritable eternity, the Captain removed his boot. As I eased myself from the floor with a great deal of difficulty, I found the Captain refastening his codpiece.

"Out from there," he ordered, harshly, "and get on your goddamn feet."

I moved stiffly to the side of his chair and slowly rose to my feet. The dining room was beginning to empty. Captain Morgan grabbed my cock and balls with his right hand, squeezing hard so the needle point harness must be drawing blood from my tortured cock and balls while he attached the leash with his other hands. He made no gesture to remove the handcuffs. Rising from his seat, he began to wend his way toward the exit.

A short, fat Master touched the Captain's arm but he grabbed it back hastily when he saw the scathing look the Captain gave him for taking the liberty. "Nice scumbag you've got there, Mister. I'd like to give him a touch of some of my whips."

Captain Morgan didn't even bother to reply. He merely looked the man up and down as if he had just crawled out from under some rock. The guy flushed with anger, but he had sense enough not to voice any disgruntlement. As we passed the obese man, I could sense his embarrassment since he was looking around to see if anyone had witnessed his put down.

Before I knew it, we were back outside in the cold air. The Peeksills could be hot during the daytime but as the sun began to set a chilly breeze could be felt. When we entered the room, the Captain shut the door and slammed me against the wall just behind the door. "Stand. Don't move a muscle."

I stared at the blank wall, observing the airpockets in the paint. My legs trembled, nervously. The Captain moved behind me and removed my handcuffs. He rubbed my wrists to restore any circulatory problems I might have. I appreciated the concern. Grabbing my shoulders, he spun me around and I almost lost my footing, but he steadied me. I found myself staring at his broad chest with its blond, fine hairs. He had removed his jacket. I stared at his waist, not daring to look at his face. He had left his leather pants and boots on. Reaching down, he removed the leash and the

cock and ball harness. The pain in my crotch had been constant and I felt a great sense of relief when the harness had been released. I wanted to touch myself to determine if I had been bleeding but I didn't dare.

"All right. It's discipline time. Get over to the bed. Take the pillows and put them on top of each other on the edge. I want you to lay your hips on the pillows so your ass is up in the air."

My heart sank as I moved to the bed and arranged the pillows as he had instructed. I looked at my Master, wondering what sort of bondage he would put me in.

Guessing what my questioning look meant, he said, "Get yourself into position. Extend your arms out as if you were tied to the corner of the bed. For this sort of discipline, I don't believe in tying you up."

I lay gingerly atop of the pillows and realized that my naked ass was very vulnerable to anything he chose to do. He walked up behind me and kicked my feet apart as wide as possible. My face was buried in the mattress and I dreaded the fall of the first blow.

"You will count each stroke. At the end of the tenth stroke, after you have it, you will thank me. A slave must learn to obey his Master in all things. The pain I am going to inflict on you will do your soul good and it will be a doubly happy thing for you because I enjoy whipping ass, so you will also please me."

Jesus H. Christ, I thought, this guy's trying to make a spiritual thing out of the fact that he's going to bust my a--. but good. With a sigh of resignation, I waited for the first blow to fall. The waiting seemed an eternity until I began to wonder if he was having second thoughts about it.

A whistle seemed to scream in the air and a searing, shock crossed my ass. I knew immediately that he was using a cat-o-nine tails. So much for being able to recognize the vehicle of my torture. I remembered to murmur, "One, Sir."

The second blow followed quickly, not allowing me much time to prepare for it. It fell below the first and I felt as if my ass had erupted in flames. "Two, Sir."

The third blow caught the inside of my right leg on the sensitive fleshy part. I wanted to skitter away across the bed away from the lash. "Three, Sir," I squeaked.

The fourth and fifth blows began to dull any feeling in my ass. Captain Morgan moved to the other side of the bed and when the sixth blow fell I knew that he had exchanged the cat for a switch which ate into my buttocks. I had no doubt now that the Captain meant to draw blood.

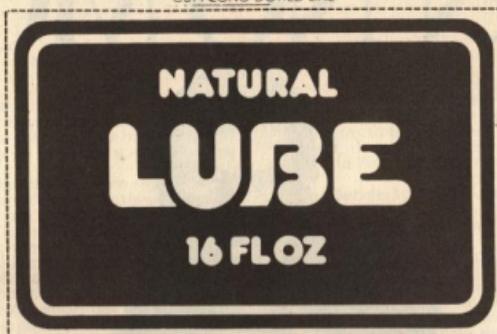
Each of the succeeding blows made me feel, literally, as if I were going into orbit, my asshole acting as the propellant. I clenched and unclenched my sweating hands in the sheets while I tried to stifle my cries in the mattress. I was afraid that if I tried to get up or turn away from the blows it would be considerably worse for me. The last five blows numbed my brain to the point where I was unaware that the tenth and last blow had fallen.

I flinched in terror as I felt the Captain's hand on the cheeks of my ass. It was only then that I realized that he had finished and that he was spreading a soothing balm to my ass.

Captain Morgan picked me up in his arms and gently lay me on my stomach on the other side of the bed. "Get some sleep," was all he said as he lowered the lights in the room. I was so tired, physically and mentally, as a result of the unexpected turn of events since my arrival at the resort, I readily accepted the chance to sleep. As I fell into a deep slumber, I felt a movement which must have been the Captain getting into bed with me. I think it must have been him, or it might possibly have been my dreams. I heard the whispered words, "Rest, baby, it's going to be a long weekend and a longer life."

# THE DO-IT-YOURSELF LABEL

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



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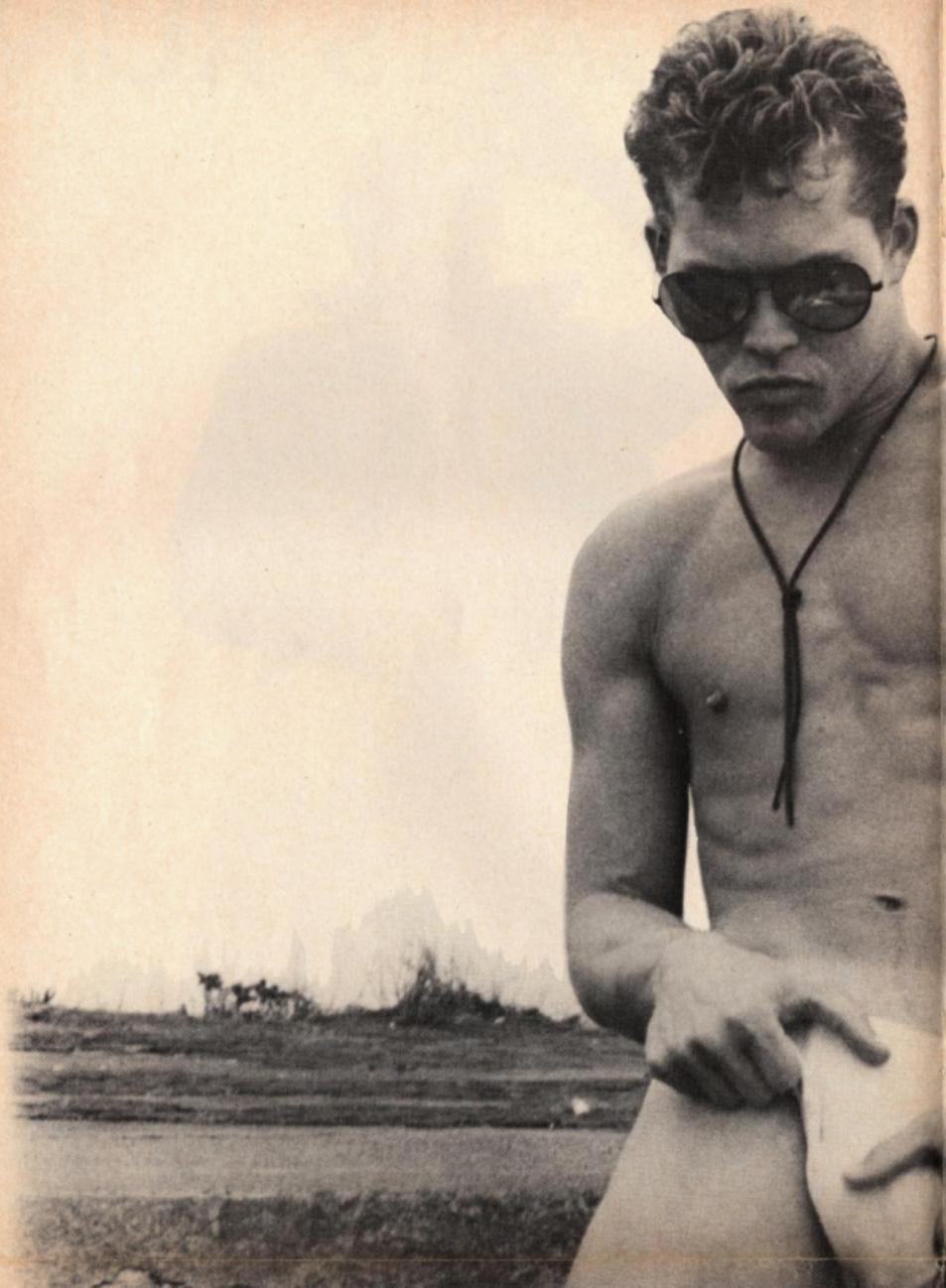
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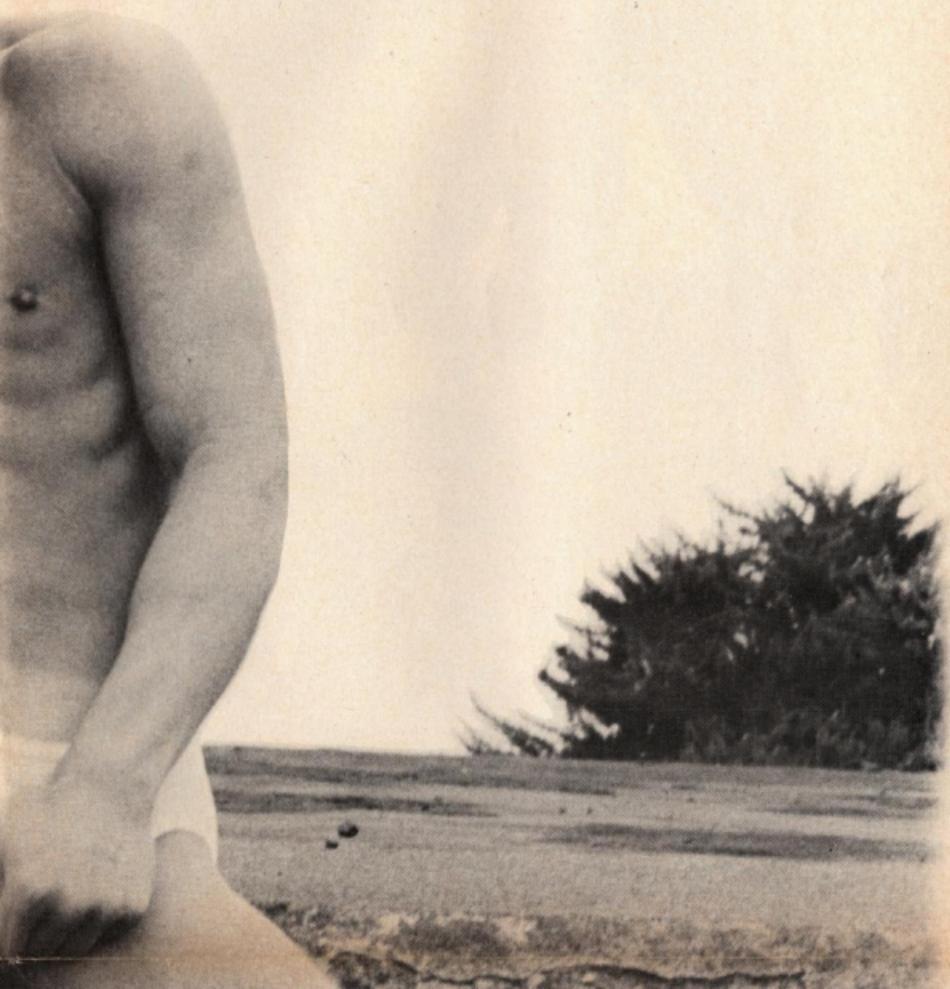


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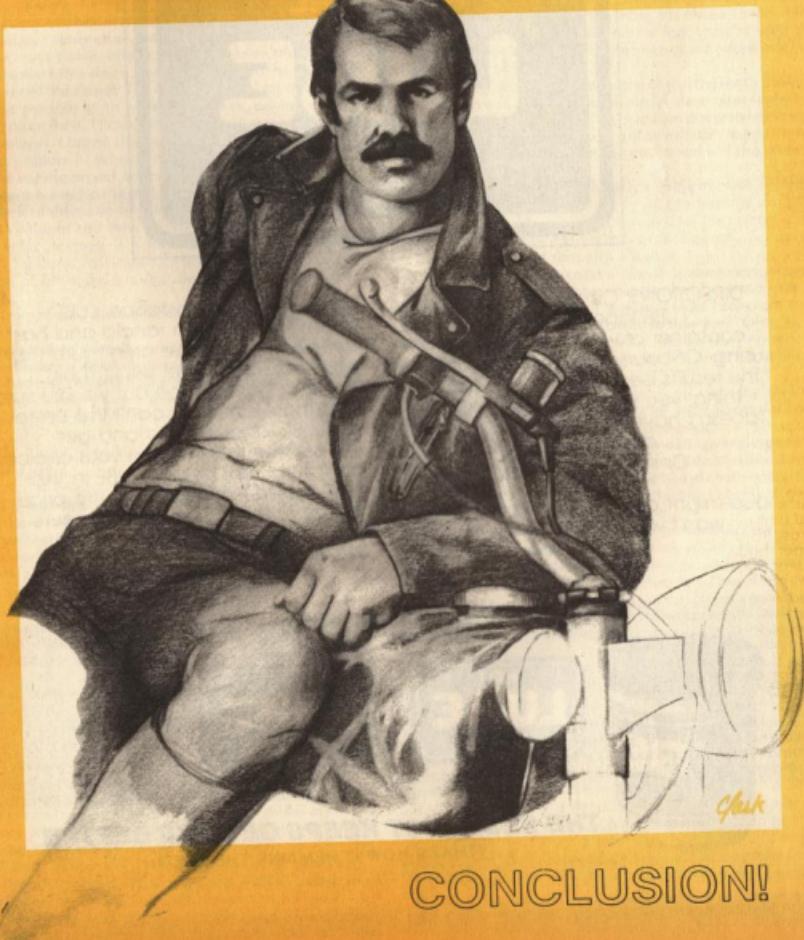








# Larry Townsend's RUN NO MORE



CONCLUSION!

WE STOOD CLOSE TOGETHER IN THE BRITTLE COLD AND blackness. Some thirty-five feet ahead of us, across the totally dark stretch of hallway, Alfred leaned against the wall, peering down through the narrow crevice. I could just make out an occasional reflected gleam off the metal case of his flashlight. He seemed to be holding this with one end touching his face, absently tapping his lips. The impression was one of thoughtfulness and concern. The side of his face which was visible to us indicated his rapt attention to the scene below, on the dungeon floor.

"Your uncle must be down there with Kurt," Jim whispered.

"The trap door was open before Alfred went down," I reminded him. "But he must have closed it after them, maybe some time ago. He's been in bed...it's all mussed. I'd guess he let them go through and woke up some time later, found Bert still missing and started after them...realized he needed new batteries in his flashlight, and woke me up when he started banging around in the kitchen."

"He seems to find it interesting," Jim replied.

"Yeah, I'd like to see what's going on down there." I started edging forward, and at first Jim clutched at my arm as if to stop me. I turned my head toward him, though I could see absolutely nothing. "Come on," I urged. I seemed to feel him shrug, and after that he moved along beside me. I didn't really expect to get close enough to see without Alfred's knowing we were there, but I still made every effort not to alert him.

When we were still a good twelve to fifteen feet away, the old man motioned with his arm for us to join him, never breaking his gaze from the area below. "I heard you some time back. Come, come."

We moved quickly up beside him and looked down through the aperture. "It is fortunate," he continued. "I should have awakened you myself."

Alfred moved slightly to the side, allowing me to see the corner of the dungeon where the activity was going on. Until that moment I had only been aware of some bodily motion in the area of the pit. Perhaps I should not have been so totally surprised, but not a single aspect was as I would have predicted it a few seconds before. There were four men: Kurt, my uncle, and two strangers...two strangers who looked terribly familiar, though it took me a moment to place them.

My greatest shock was Bert's condition. He was completely naked, suspended over the pit by a pair of leather bands around his wrists. His body hung limp and unmoving, and I could see several angry red welts across his chest...criss-cross marks of a belt all over his upper body. Nothing else was attached to him, and except that I could see his eyes were open I might have thought he was unconscious. Kurt and the other two men were fully clothed, clustered together as they examined some object in one of the strangers' hands. The body of the other man blocked my view. They were ignoring my uncle for the moment, as if they had had merely imprisoned him in his present situation and were going about the rest of their business. Although one of the newcomers had his back to me, the other stood in profile. Recognition suddenly dawned on me.

"Alfred! That's one of the skinheads from London!" I whispered harshly. "I'll bet the other one is, too."

The old man nodded sagely. "I suspected as much," he told me sadly. "I have had a feeling...for a long time..."

"But what are they doing with Bert?" I asked. "I mean...he's not...?"

"I think Kurt must have tricked him into his bondage," replied the old man. "After he was helpless the others came out of their hiding places. Kurt went outside after dinner, tonight, remember? He told us he wished to cover his motorbike. But he had another reason. I had been out earlier, and it was already covered."

"You mean, he let them in the castle...that early?"

"That was probably not necessary. I think they have been getting in by themselves for some time. I would suspect Kurt conferred with them for a few minutes."

"But...he asked me to ride home with him..."

Alfred turned to me, and even in the muted glow from the narrow window I could see the sardonic grin on his lips. "Kurt is not the fool you take him to be," he said softly. "He would not have asked, had he not known you would refuse."

"What are they looking at?" asked Jim, pressing in to see better.

"They have the crest," said Alfred.

I could barely hear a conversation between Kurt and his companions, but it was just enough for me to realize they were speaking in German! I asked Alfred and he confirmed it. "None of them appears to have a British accent," he noted. "Thuringian, one of them; the other seems to be a Berliner."

"Christ, they sounded like a pair of real Limeys to me," I told him. "Did you notice any accent?" I asked Jim.

"No. Decidedly a dock-area cockney," he assured us.

"What are they saying now?" I asked. "Can you make it out?"

"They are trying to decipher the inscriptions," said Alfred.

I never stopped to consider exactly how Kurt might have "lured" my uncle into his present predicament. The entire scene was much too bizarre and I was much too surprised to calculate the details. I felt the same grip of fear about my guts as I had when these same men were threatening myself and Jim, and my primary concern was how to set Bert free. For the moment we were outnumbered and at an impasse. We had no weapons, and I knew that Alfred kept no firearms in his cottage. I knew that at least one of the London skinheads had carried a revolver in his pocket. There was no way to tell if any or all of them might be similarly armed at the moment.

As I glanced about the chamber I noticed a collection of tools...picks, a shovel, pair of crowbars. These were piled against the wall, twenty feet or so from the pit, very close to the spot where the plaque had originally hung. "Think they've located the hiding place?" I asked.

"They may have some reason for thinking so," Alfred replied. "See, there are chips and scratches on the wall. They have been trying to break it down...obviously have not worked out the key to opening it."

"How the hell are we going to get Bert out of there?" I asked desperately.

Jim started to say something, but Alfred held up his hand to silence us. He was listening intently to the conversation. "Ah! They want my magnifying glass," he whispered. "Kurt is coming to fetch it!"

"He'll have to come this way," I said. I grabbed Jim's hand, and we raced back to the bend in the passageway. Alfred followed more slowly, using his flashlight once he was away from the aperture. Jim and I flattened ourselves against the wall, just around the corner. Alfred was several feet further back. A few seconds after we were in position we could see the flicker of Kurt's light and heard the scrape of his heavy boots against the stones. I reached back and took the metal cylinder from Alfred's pocket, intending to use it as a club.

Kurt was moving quickly. He reached the corner and raced around it, almost into our arms before he realized we were there. He was startled, and in the split second it took him to react I leaped at him, swinging the flashlight toward the top of his head. I landed a hard, glancing blow, hard enough to stagger him and to make him drop his own torch onto the floor. It hit and the lens shattered, but miraculously the light

stayed on. Jim and I were both on him by then, bearing him to his knees. My companion had one arm wrapped about Kurt's head, gripping tightly against the mouth to keep him from crying out. While Jim clung to the back, I pinioned Kurt's arms from the front. Even so, I think we might have been in serious trouble, at least have been thrown off long enough for our quarry to shout for help, had Alfred not retrieved his fallen flashlight, stepped forward, and delivered a well-aimed blow against the back of Kurt's skull.

He went completely limp in our arms, and we let him down onto the floor...a good deal more gently than he deserved. Alfred tried his light, but it wouldn't work. He bent down and picked up Kurt's. "Stay with him," he whispered. Without another word he scurried away in the direction of the dungeon.

"What's he up to?" I asked.

"He knows what he's doing," Jim replied.

We squatted down, side by side, resting our hands on Kurt's chest to make sure he did not recover before Alfred's return. Once the old man has passed around the distant bend, the passage became absolutely dark again. I felt Jim move, turn toward me as one hand groped in the murky gloom to find my face. His fingers closed on my jaw and he pulled our mouths together. My pulse was racing so fast from excitement, I took a moment to respond. Then, just as the pleasurable feelings began to loosen the knot in my guts, Alfred came panting back. "Here," he said. He had brought a collection of restraints from the secret cache, just inside the corridor off the dungeon. He rolled Kurt onto his stomach and secured his wrists behind him with a pair of handcuffs. There were leg irons for his ankles, which we made doubly effective by passing the connecting chain through the circle of his fettered arms. If he did come to, it would be impossible for him to walk; even crawling would be strained and difficult. Alfred produced a leather hood, which he placed over Kurt's head. The thing was equipped with a mouthpiece to serve as a gag, and he set this carefully into position before locking the hood about Kurt's neck.

"Now, if he does awaken," said the old man, "he will be completely helpless...will not be able to move or even tell direction. I would say it is safe to leave him."

"Can he breathe?" asked Jim.

Alfred played the beam of his flashlight on the hooded face, revealing the two small openings beneath the nostrils. "More than he deserves," I muttered.

We returned to the spy port and looked through. The pair of skinheads were standing together at the edge of the pit, talking softly, occasionally glancing up at Bert. My uncle had still not moved, but his eyes were open as they had been before. One of the thugs picked up a leather strap and lashed out at the helpless figure. Bert moaned and flinched, at which the two men laughed and made some further comments between themselves. The one with the strap tossed it aside, walking to the pile of tools with his companion.

"We've got to get him out of there," I insisted, "before they decide to kill him."

"It will be dangerous," began Alfred slowly, "but it might work..."

"Anything! Tell us," Jim urged.

"That lower passage," said Alfred, "the one where the equipment is stored, immediately off the dungeon floor...Here, let me show you." He led us to a point just at the top of the stairs and shined his light on the ceiling. "This is a door," he told us. "It is constructed of interwoven bands of steel, and drops like a portcullis. It was originally designed to slow pursuit if the owner had to flee out the secret escape passage." He moved to a part of the wall, several feet back. "It is activated by a lever..." He grunted as he worked a stone loose, revealing a handle attached to a heavy chain. This was retained by a steel peg. "Once the terminus is pulled

loose, the whole thing will drop into place," Alfred continued, "and it takes at least a dozen men to lift it." "Are you sure it'll work?" I asked.

"It has not been used for many years," replied the old man. "But what other chance have we? They must come looking for Kurt before much more time has passed."

"I don't see how..." Jim began.

"If one of you were to appear at the lower door and let the intruders see you, they would probably come after you. You would then run into the passage and up the stairs, while the other hides just inside the lower door. As soon as the intruders are past, the man at the bottom slips out and secures the lower door from the other side. The one who is running comes up to me, and together we free the chain. It will trap the intruders between us."

"Unless they catch me first," said Jim.

"Or unless the door refused to fall," added Alfred grimly.

"I think I should be the one they chase," I said.

Jim argued with me, each of us insisting on being the bait. "Here, here," said Alfred testily. "We are wasting time." He handed the flashlight to me and fumbled in his pocket for a coin. "Heads it will be Wayne; tails it will be Jim." He flipped the disc, caught it and slapped it onto the back of his hand. It came up tails.

Jim and I went down the stairs together, and I pressed myself into the recess where the open door would hide me. "Good luck," I whispered as Jim pulled the panel open enough to see into the vault. He reached out to me; we clasped hands briefly, and he was out the door.

"What are you doing, mucking around down here?" he shouted.

There was an exclamation of surprise from the skinheads. Then one of them shouted, "Get him!" and Jim came backward through the doorway. He shoved the panel all the way open to further obscure my presence and bolted up the stairs. He had almost reached the top when the two men burst into the passage and continued after him. As soon as they had cleared the entrance I leaped out, pulled the heavy door shut behind me and dropped the hasp on the concealed lock. From my side, the panel appeared to be another section of stone wall, and under the camouflage it was steel. I had not even known there was a locking mechanism until Alfred showed it to me during Mrs. Ledbetter's visit. Normally, it was always left so it could be opened from either side.

I stepped back a few paces, trying to hear. First came a wrenching squeal, then a thunderous crash which I took to be the upper gate slamming shut. After this I heard a frantic pounding and muffled shouts of anger. "We got them!" Jim called from the upper port.

"I hope it holds them," I replied.

"Alfred says these doors were made to hold back armies. I guess you'll just have to wait there. Alfred and I are going after some help."

Except for the intermittent sounds of frustrated anger from the pair of thugs, there was no further communication. I hoped the doors really would hold; I estimated it would take an hour or more for Alfred and Jim to return.

I turned to Bert, who was hanging silently over the pit. He was watching me, but the only motion was his eyes. There was a peculiar expression on his face, a blunting of responses that became more apparent as I moved closer to him. Kurt or the skinheads must have given him a drug; I supposed. Even when I stood at the edge of the it, Bert made hardly any sign of recognition. His body was completely relaxed in its vertical suspension, each muscle pulled taut by his upstretched posture. I could not help pausing a moment to admire the exquisite symmetry and the hard definition through his chest and midsection...long tapered legs, the unex-

pected tumescence of his cock.

"I'll get you down in a second," I said, and started toward the winch.

"Not yet," he whispered. "Not yet." His voice was a soft, harsh rush of breath and for a moment I wasn't sure I'd heard correctly. I stopped and looked up at him.

"You wanted this, didn't you?" he asked. His speech was so strained I could hardly be sure he actually spoke. This corner of the vault was in deep shadow, illuminated only by the leaping flames from across the room. It was also cold, without the braziers to dispel the musty chill, and Bert's lips did not seem to have moved.

But the harsh whisper came again, taunting me, almost, challenging me, daring me to act as my building lust required. "Are you ready, now?" he asked. "Are you man enough to master me?" His face remained expressionless in the uneven shadows, his dark eyes glistening from the darkness. Except for the life in these, his lack-luster mode displayed total resignation... or surrender.

I was surprised, of course. Yet there had been numerous hints and indications, both from Bert himself and from others. His very reticence should have provided the clue I had been unable to grasp. I remembered my puzzlement in London, my vague questioning of Bert's relative interaction with Charlie. Now it was clear, as were the veiled innuendos I'd picked up from Kurt. It also explained how my uncle had been "trapped" into his present condition. Kurt must have brought him down, ostensibly to have a scene, and called in his accomplices when Bert was secured and helpless.

And Jim's place in all this? I still wasn't too sure of that, but Bert's being M turned everything upside down for me. Time enough to figure that out later. I felt the pressing urgency in my crotch and I moved around to face Bert directly from the front. "You sure you want me to work you over?" I asked.

He nodded, casting his gaze downward in a proper gesture of submission. "I am yours, to do with as you like. Yours... sir," he whispered.

"Any limits?" I asked.

"You're the master," he gasped. "Time... time is your only limit, sir. Anything you want... anything you can give..."

I was possessed by a peculiar, conflicting set of responses. Much as I was turned on by Bert's naked acceptance, I was still wrestling with the long conditioned concepts. I stood for another few minutes, surveying his body and trying to decide exactly what to do with him. I noted his cock had thickened as we spoke, pulling out above the loose folds of his sac to form a drooping curve above it... dark, darker than the rest of him in the crimson glow, foreskin pulled half back to expose the subtle gleam of crown. Bert's chest was covered with a thick mat of hair, which came to a point above his corded belly, seemed to flow in an unbroken trail to his groin. Here it widened once again... crisp, long strands, curling about his balls, covering his thighs... extending down to the shadowy depths where his legs tapered into darkness.

Without taking my eyes off him, I bent down and retrieved the leather strap which the skinhead had discarded. Bert did not seem to be watching me, but when I made a loop of the belt and held it doubled across my loins, grasping it with both hands so it formed a horizontal line, I saw his prick make a jerking, gradual expansion. The velvet skin tightened, pulled taut by the swelling core, and his balls rose slightly from their deep suspension.

I used a pole with a steel hook on one end, catching hold of the chain to which his wrist bands were attached. I maneuvered him forward, just to the edge of the pit where his feet were barely able to touch the stones. I attached a second line to hold him here,

making him more easily accessible. With his arms stretched upward, his entire chest and ribcage were exposed and unprotected. I took hold of him and shoved, making his body spin slowly around. The small, twin orbs of his ass turned past me... like gems on a jeweler's revolving display. The third time I laid the belt across them, saw the swath of white as they turned away, the gathering red when they returned. I struck another blow, and another... heard Bert gasp, peppered him now with short, glancing strokes, holding the belt in a short loop to land a couple of cracks each time he drifted past.

I was assured of Bert's complete acceptance, because his cock never wavered in its hardness, projecting upward at an angle across his belly, visible each time his body turned. This certainly, combined with my own building arousal, drove me on, stimulated my lust until it overpowered any residual conditioning that might have restrained me. I began to see Bert not as my uncle and mentor, my instructor, but as a handsome, supplicating M. The further knowledge that he had submitted to me, that he was older and more sophisticated, the memory of his personality outside the area of sexual encounter... all this summated to raise my lust and to further increase the significance of his humiliation. He had given himself to me. His body was bound and suspended, helpless but to accept the punishment I gave him.

Abruptly, I reached out, grabbed his sex about the base and halted his motion. I pulled him toward me so his feet brushed lightly across the floor. He hung powerless in my grasp, body dangling limply, extended full length beneath my total mastery. I gripped down on his balls and squeezed them until I hard him gasp and felt his muscles convulse in the need to escape. He clamped his teeth together, drawing breath between them... eyes half closed, lids trembling from his effort not to make an outcry.

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I let go of him and watched him drift away, swing out above the gaping pit. He seemed to hang in space, suspended before he tumbled slowly back in my direction. I stepped quickly to the side, brandishing the belt to lay a firmly driven blow across the center of his belly. "Keep yourself swinging," I commanded him. "Don't slow down!"

I could see the flexing contraction through the center of his body as he pumped to maintain his swaying motion. I struck him on the side and made him spin in an awkward spiral, where it was impossible to direct the passage of his body. I punished him for this, purposely gave conflicting orders and landed a blow on whichever portion presented itself. Through all of my abuse he never lost his hard; if anything his cock had swelled to a greater girth. The springy column stood firm and proud above his groin. His entire body glowed with stripes of crimson, and despite the clammy chill there were trails of sweaty moisture flowing down his back and chest.

I seized him, finally, and commanded him to stand as I kept hold of one ankle and worked the winch with my other hand. When the chain descended, his arms dropped slowly to his sides. He came to attention without my having to order it, stood there until I'd freed his hands from the chain and brought them together behind his back. I clipped them in place and used the belt to assume his rigid, unfalling brace. I had been sweating myself near the end of this, and I stripped the jacket and shirt from my upper body. I realized how cold it really was, then, but rather than put my clothes back on I instructed Bert to walk across to the hearth. Here I had him kneel in front of me, facing me. I made a collar from a length of chain and connected it to my belt. He had to follow each time I moved, crawling after me or going backward, always on his knees and commanded by the pull of the chain. He was sweating profusely, as I was, but the roaring heat of the fire

added a lusty, Satanic aura... dancing reds and golds leaping along the sides of our bodies.

I freed him from the chain and ordered him to kneel before the ledge of stone, a foot or so to the left of the hearth. I made him lower his chest upon the surface and I warmed his ass with the leather as the sweat cascaded down his back and the brilliant heat played all across the hard flexed planes of his upper back. I sensed the passage of time and felt an urgency to finish before the others returned to interrupt us. I dropped my jeans and started to kneel behind him when Bert lifted his head and glanced at me over his shoulder.

"Do I please you, sir?" he asked. "You'll do," I answered coldly.

"Do you wish to own me?"

"You're my fuckin' slave right now," I told him. "Masters... sometimes like to leave a mark," he whispered. I saw him gaze across the chamber, toward the wall where the ancient devices hung against the stones. My heart had started pounding harder, and the idea made my cock jut up with greater determination. "You want to wear my brand?" I whispered harshly. It was a guess, but I could think of no other way to mark him.

"If you wish to own me, sir," he answered.

I paused a moment, not really sure of myself. I knew he'd ingested a drug, and there were no other marks upon him. "You'll be the first," he gasped. "The first to own me as a man should own his slave."

I kicked the jeans from my feet and slipped back into the boots, walked across to the collection of irons. There were several small ones, each with a different emblem on the tip. I chose a triangle, thinking it an appropriate symbol. I carried it back and placed the end into the coals. While it heated I stood behind him, felt the pressure in my bladder and let it go across his back. He moved his shoulders slightly, seemed to relish the warm rush of fluid down his spine.

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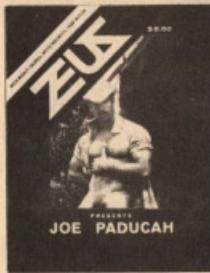
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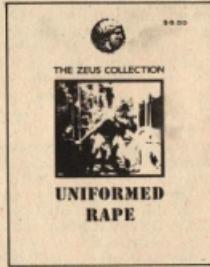
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When the iron was glowing red I wrapped my shirt around the handle and picked it up. Bert's face turned toward me and his gaze was firm, unflinching. "You really want it?" I asked.

He looked down, nodding his head. He was submitting completely, kneeling at my feet with his eyes downcast, head bowed before me. I balanced the iron carefully, aimed it at the shallow round of muscle just above his hip and pressed the glowing end against him. It hissed and smoky steam rushed up from the point of contact. Bert's body shook violently, but the only sound he made was a deep, rattling sigh...more ecstasy than pain. I pulled the iron away, leaving the raw impression of the triangle on his flesh.

It had been an instant of absolute domination, and expression of total and complete surrender on Bert's part, an acknowledgment of my everlasting mastery. The concept made the blood rush hot and fast through my veins, and I ordered him back against the ledge, forced him to kneel as he had before. He bore my mark, now, and he was mine. It was a condition I could not ignore. I had never held another in such limitless bondage. I own him, I kept thinking. He's mine, and I own him.

## "You've passed the stage of getting all hung up on whether you're an M or S. You play whatever scene fits the people and the situation."

There was a jar of grease in the box where Alfred kept the deerskin, and as I fumbled for it in the darkness beneath the ledge, I pressed my naked chest and midsection against the kneeling back. I took some lubricant on my finger, rubbed a little on the wound and rammed the rest inside his ass. He moaned and lifted away, forced himself to press down firmly on the stones. "Hold still!" I growled, and I shoved the digit deeper, pulled it out and went again with two. With my other hand I rubbed the grease along my cock, almost came as the frantic sensations seethed about my loins.

"Are you man enough to take it?" I whispered, twisting the words he'd used on me.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

I rammed the entire shaft inside him, dropped upon his back and shoved it in despite the cry of pain and anguish which echoed off the walls. He bucked and writhed beneath me, but my arms encircled his torso and my hips were grinding against him. He was powerless to fend me off, and his protests gradually lessened as I started slamming my hips upon him, lunging forward to drive my cock deep within the searing heat of his body. He began to groan, mumbling incoherently as I pumped harder and faster, responding to the desperate thrill of my total possession.

"There isn't any treasure, I'm sorry to say," called Edgar. A few minutes later he backed out of the narrow opening, carrying only a pair of leather bound volumes in his hands. He had returned from Munich the day before, and had deciphered the figures on the plaque, reading them as if they'd been written in good, clear English.

"It's so many stones up, so many stones to the side, so many down," he'd told us. "All you have to do is find the place to start."

Bert had suggested the stone from which the crest had originally hung as the most likely. Counting from this, Edgar had marked off the others to be removed. In each case, they came out without much trouble, cemented in place with a material which crumbled when struck with a chisel. When the final block had been removed, a gentle tug on that portion of the wall inside the jagged circle of holes caused the whole

section to swing outward.

Edgar had crawled in, remained a few minutes before he called back the news. Now he set the pair of dusty volumes on the central block of stone and started leafing through them. "There's a skeleton in there, too," he told us. "Looks old enough to be your three-hundred-year-old monk."

"We'll give him a proper burial," said Alfred.

"How bout the books?" I asked. "What are they?" Edgar scratched his head and stepped aside to let Alfred see them. "This is going to cause some problems within the East German government," the old man muttered. "Several prominent people mentioned here."

"Then they are Nazi records?" I asked.

The old man nodded without looking up. "Yes," he answered at length. "That is why they had such sophisticated equipment available to them. Yes!" He raised his head abruptly. "One of their newly appointed top men in the secret police is named here!" He grinned. "I think that explains the rest."

"So we just turn it over to the government, or what?" I asked.

"I will see that the proper people take care of it," said Alfred. "But as for Kurt and the other two..." He glanced toward the hearth, where the three men were seated on the ledge. They had been secured with chains, and had been held in the castle since the night we took them captive.

"They're criminals, . . ." Jim stated.

"They also know about the uses we make of the castle," Alfred replied. "If we place them in a position where they must speak, they will undoubtedly do so. The notoriety surrounding their discovery will cause their stories to be widely circulated."

"On the other hand," Bert continued for him, "if we let them go they will scurry for cover like so many rats. I think it's the wisest course. Once they're gone, Alfred can claim to have found the books by accident."

"Let's see what they have to say about it," Edgar suggested. He and Alfred walked over to the trio of prisoners, while Jim, Bert and I remained leaning against the block of stone.

"Which resolves everybody's problem except ours," I said. Since my affair with Bert, I had hardly exchanged a word with my uncle. He had left for Munich the next morning and had just returned with Edgar. I had continued sleeping with Jim, but had not said anything to him, waiting for Bert to be there when it was discussed. My uncle was between us, now, rocking gently with his butt against the stone corner. He looked from one to the other of us. "Wayne placed his mark on me the other night," he said softly to Jim.

Just the faintest smile twisted Jim's lips. "Good!" he said. "Finally!"

"Could you give me another clue?" I asked. I didn't know whether to be pleased or resentful that they still shared this secret, and I was an outsider. Without excusing himself to Bert, Jim took my arm and led me a few paces away. Only then did it dawn on me that he, not my uncle, was going to render the explanation.

"Do you love me?" he asked seriously.

"Of course! You know that," I answered.

"And Bert? How do you feel about him?"

"Well... differently at different times," I replied slowly. I paused, but Jim said nothing and waited for me to continue on my own. "I mean, as far as socially and business things go, he's still the same as ever... intelligent, sophisticated... a man to be respected."

"In other words, a leader, the boss, the man of the house. That right?"

I nodded. "Sure. And I respect him for it... look up to him in these. It's so different, though... complete 'about face' when I think what's going to happen in the darkroom or here, if we get a chance to use it again." I was stammering and faltering, not expressing myself very well because the concepts were hard to phrase.

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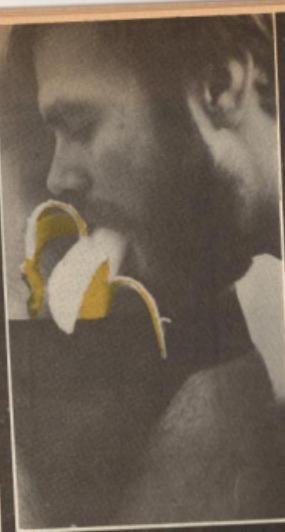
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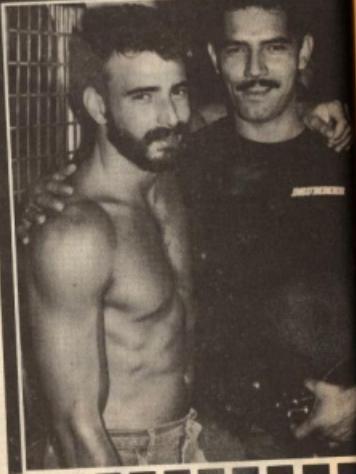
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**YOUNGISH DAD**, Smart, cigar man, looking for "son" — cute, ass-whipped, pushed, fucked if good, invited to breakfast. Box 1463.

#### NOVICE

**SAN FRANCISCO**, 20, needs help learning S&M pleasure. Am 5'10", very hairy, husky build, 8-cut. Novice. Want 25-35, experienced, 5'10" or over, caring, patient Teacher. Prefer Blond, Brown eyes, lean. Box 1286.

**SAN JOSE**. Looking for Leather Master into B&D, and some light S&M. I'm 30, 6'1", 160 lbs., Dk Br eyes & slender in build. No Fats, fems, stupids or hard drugs. Box B66.

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**SAN FRANCISCO**. Hot w/m 24. Will worship your Ass, Cock, Balls, Boots, Nipples and Ass Play with my HOT MOUTH. Also dig B&D, W/S, Greek Passive. Photo appreciated. Greg. Box 1501.

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#### ENEMAN

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#### BLACK MEN

OAKLAND/BAY AREA W/M 5'11", 167 lbs., 38, gdkg slave wants a worship at your crotch and ass. Use me for your pleasure, abuse me, spank me, bind me, fuck me, let me suck your cock, smell your ass, eat your ass. No fats. White Box 1854.

**SAN FRANCISCO**, Master, W, 25, 180 lbs., 6'1", 165 lbs., neat summer. Want to meet willing slave into prolonged bondage, rope, mild S&M, C&B restraint. Young, trim, goodlooking slave to show me the city by day and at night submit to bondage. No drugs, fats, fems, scat. If too much body hair, it will have to come off. Send photo. Box 683.

**SAN FRANCISCO**, Hot bearded man, 39, 5'9", 6'1", 160 lbs., cut, white, into bodybuilding, backpacking and disco. Enjoy leather, military and western attitude. Sexual interests include cock and body worship, oil, movies, y/o, enemas, rimming, W/S, sweat, spit, toys, rope, suspension, B&D (not sadistic but interested). Not sadistic limited pain mixed equality with affection. Prefer slightly dominant, adventurous but level-headed partner(s). No fats or fems. Answer with photo for HOT super-ho. Box 784.

Super-hot good-looking, hung young stud seeks other S studs for challenges in top position. Travel to SF, NY and Chicago often. I am a master who is into other masters. Men who can handle competition are welcome. 26, 6', 165 lbs., dark blonde, mustache, 8" cut. For the hottest, try the hottest. Box 674.

**Selective Sadist** requires muscular masochist. Object mutual satisfaction. Me W/m, 39, 6'1", 196 lbs., uncum, inventive. You ready for new adventures. Photo please. Box 817.

**SAN FRANCISCO**, M, 5'5", 140 lbs., 40, new to leather world, needs w/m, 25-40, to show the way. Must respect limits, no scat, shaving or piercing. Box 783.

#### LATRINE DUTY

**SAN FRANCISCO**—bottom, 36, 6'3", 165 lbs., 8" uncum, looking for white beer-gut leather-master for toilet initiation, use me as a latrine, piss-soaked jocks sucked dry, also into levis and leather, bondage, shaving, recycled beer from cheesy uncut cocks. Box 562.

#### EXTRA HUNG

Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long, and/or extra-thick? If you've ever been told, "it's too big," and you know that it IS a whopper, if you're frustrated by dukes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., ex-porno actor, hunkily, hairy, muscular, bald, appetizing. You're a young, attractive hungry dude, into fucking hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real, man. Box 100.

**SAN FRANCISCO** Particular Master, 32, seeks 19-22 leather, levi & barefoot type for bottom role in light S&M sex. Traveling companion into outdoors activities, possible S role toward 3rd parties with masterful supervision. Box 789.

#### KINKY FILTHY HOT

31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously, into S&M, B&D, W/S, scat, leather, wet and raunchy. Levis and jock straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF to give, receive, breath, Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162.



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### HOT HUNKY

**SAN FRANCISCO AREA:** Well-together, pierced and tattooed M, new to area, 38, 6'3", 195 lbs, brown/blue, mustache, cut 6%", with heavy experience looking for serious Leather Master any race, 25-50. Uncut meat a real plus. C/B torture, W/S, whips, ass work and a lot more just for openers. This animal into damn near anything with your pleasure his center focus. Have complete Leather master toy collection for you. No fats or fems. All photos get mine and immediate reply. Box 1283.

### LOCAL ONLY

**SAN JOSE AREA:** Young seeks W/M (local) who like me; loves wearing Black Leather, but not into S/M, and wishes to establish friendship. Possible relationship (open or monogamous). Also like you're 25-35, stable, intelligent, attractive, and masculine. No drugs. Moustache a plus. Send your photo, letter and return address to Box 1632.

**Experienced San Francisco slave,** white, 24, 5'8", 155 lbs., seeks serious leather Master for training in bondage and bootlicking, water sports and whipping. Box 994.

### SAN FRANCISCO FIST ACTION

Seeking buddies for mutual fist fucking and piss drinking. I'm 5'10", 170 lbs. Moustached Chicano hunk with 7%" endowment and a strong active imagination and curiosity. Dig Leather, levis, beer, nosmokers, dilodes, drugs. I'm also a 31 year old Cuban who would love to meet somebody if you're innocent religion-arthritis-sex-magic, and pagan arts. I come more from compassion than from heavy humiliation. Photos answered first. Box 1445.

### BALL BUDDIES

**SAN FRANCISCO** W/M, 34, 6'2", 160 lbs. Bald, medium brown beard, light blond moustache, hairy, into ball torture, weights, vices, slapping, hitting, punching, mutual play seeks same. Box 1514.

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Aging 20-25, 5'8"-6'0", 20-26 Latin boy for public and private use. Image stories a plus. Possible line in situation. Respond: Sir Jason, Box 14004, San Francisco, CA 94114. Send photo and phone.

### TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Drummer can no longer accept telephone numbers in PERSONAL ads. Existing ads with verified telephone numbers will be allowed to run until the ad expires. No new ads are being accepted with telephone numbers.

Photographer into bondage and sexual play looking for men who want to strut their stuff and explore sex with a lens. Headspace most important. Mark Chester, Box 42501, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Obedient slaves, 21-40, wanted by demanding master, 37. Phone to Box 2013.

**SF BAY AREA:** 27, white, blonde/blue, new to leather scene, like to watch the action. Let me watch you make it work, make me a convert. Box A447.

### SAN FRANCISCO MASTER TO WORK

you over. Hairy, bearded, crew-cut, erotic painter into total oral/anal play. Solid 210 lb. ex-coach expects obedience, digs worship. 6½" cut blue eyes, 5'10" sexual athlete. 52, two sons, sex, leather, sex, know how to serve. Only mentally & emotionally stable jocks seeking total involvement need apply. Relationship, including role-switching possible with right MAN. Strong preference for hairy, red-headed, tattooed truckers and bikers looking for good hot times South of Market. Melodramatic scenes possible too. Enjoy men of all ages. Willing to train novice. Respects limits but am firm. Push as far as partner's experience permits. For inspection and interview, reply with frank letter and recent photo. Box 493.

I want a hot, no-holds-barred, rough-ass time with someone who can be my Master and live up to it! Am bored with "green hawks"! Hope the right hunk will contact me. Prefer Macho Blacks or Latinos. Box B13.

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loves horsemen, cowboys, troopers, and deputy sheriffs with full discipline. Corrals, stalls, barns, tack rooms, saddles, rawhide and ropes turn me on. Greater S.F. Bay area—Monterey Bay area. Willing to travel California and neighboring states. Need stockade detention, stake-out, immobilization. Over 32 years. If you are in authority, write with photo to Box 832.

**S.F. PENINSULA**, goodlooking young M in 40s, white, top man, 5'9", 155 lbs., cut, seeks godlocking, well built, masculine S/M, 27-40, for intense asshole sex (including FF). Will also fuck your face, use abusive language, and experiment in water sports. Prefer men into snow skiing, other constructive interests. Could consider as a roommate. Photo preferred. Reply Box A50.

### SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 33, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, godlocking, hard-edged.

Libran into Top/bottom trade-offs or one-way clasps, with serious leatherman interest in hot leather and belt sections, bodies in leather and toys in hand, we'll putts, cock and ass to their proper use. Skip the bullshit, forget the scat, tune into the head and the body and let's explore. Photo brings photo. DRUMMER Box A56 or c/o Jay, 795 Buena Vista West, No. 4, S.F. CA 94117.

### LEATHER BIKER TOP WANTED

I'm into heavy leather, leather bondage, and need to get into a heavy leather scene with a leatherman and/or biker. Must wear full leather, as I do. I am W/m, 29, 5'8", 152 lbs., and am bearded. Tall shiny leather boots, gloves and a beard a plus. Write to: Chris West, 1900 Eddy Street, No. 11, San Francisco, CA 94115. No fems, Blacks or heavy S/M.

### BALLS

Rough action, smashing, punching, Muscular, 26, Wulfert, 517 Ashbury, S.F., CA 94117.

**SF GWM** 24, 5'10", 150 lbs., good body, novice, seeks master, 25-35, for training, S/M, B&D, shaving, WS, enemas, photography. Need aggressive men, prefer levis, bare feet. No fats. Photo. Box 2009.

Hot queer, 36, 6', 185 lbs., W/m, 6". Your queer slave worships leather, shit, hair in sick scenes for your pleasure. Train me to be your sinner. S/F travel possible. Bill, Rt 2 Box 2489, Oroville, CA 95965.

### MUSCLE BUILDER

**SAN FRANCISCO**, Hard-ass SM hunks 28, 5'7", 155 lbs. cut, solid muscular stud for HOT action and limits expansion. Interests include weightlifting, Harleys, Leathers, Levi's, Uniforms, boots, whips, porn art, amyl, military SS, J/O, jocks, riding ass and fuckin' face. Seats to earn attention and service with S-local (S.F.) or worldwide M's earn right to serve. Box 1536.

### BOTS

### THE TALLER THE BETTER

**SAN FRANCISCO**, This hunky black-leather motorcycle riding stud looking for guys who think they're good enough to serve my bots and me. Have this insatiable desire for boots and the man that wears them. Just can't get enough of them, esp. black engineer and logger boots—taller the better. I'm 31, and good-looking. I'm a stud... you're tall enough and serious enough to get down with my bots or make me get down with yours, drop me a line. Box 1504.

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**SAN FRANCISCO**, Tall 6'4", handsome, interested, still spoken Man with San Francisco's most complete workroom. Looking for slender dudes into full S&M action. Must be clean, intelligent, and anxious to serve a reasonable but demanding top man. For interview send description and phone number. Box 1403.

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**OAKLAND**, Young slaves diapered, spanked by handsome Master. 484 Lake Park Ave., Ne 36, Oakland, CA 94610.

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If you will tie my hands and feet and continue my initiation into B&D, torture, water sports and fraternity fantasies, I will send progress reports and pictures to my absent pledge master. He ordered me to run this ad and recruit a tough, under 40, short maternity brother continuing the initiation. Please respect my limits but expand them. But, no FF, scat or heavy drugs. He wants you to know I am 5'8", 150 lbs., a young 40 with short black hair and moustache and an obedient ass. Please, sir, send details of your experience and your plans for me. Phone number and photos appreciated. All responses will be answered. Don, Box 82, 2228 El Camino Real, San Mateo, CA 94403.

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### NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AND S.F. AREA UNCUTS

Brown hair/skin, bearded, UNCLUT, nicely portioned, W/m, 32, 5'10", 170 lbs., looking for MEN/UNCUT MEN. Harry w/bear gut! Into hairy cock with big hairy legs spread wide, with uncut, thick cock, hanging balls, hairy ass for servicing. My face needs to be used as a saddle. Long sessions, enjoy leather, military and western Universtiy Sexual Information. No scar and limited past mixed equally with affection. Prefer slightly dominant, adventurous but level-headed partner(s). No Scat or fema. Answer with photo for H.O.T. Reply. Box 14098 S.F., CA 94114.

**SF DADDY** says if you have a white hot ass that needs a lot of mouth work, make it happy. Write Box 1827.

**HANDSOME AIRLINE CAPTAIN**  
**SAN FRANCISCO** 30, 5'11", 163 lbs., very fit, goodlooking dudes into jocks, uniforms, Leather shorts, athletic gear. Have 7", thick, for good long workouts. Travel NYC, SF, Miami, Canada, London. Photo, phone. Dick, 625 Post No. 727, San Francisco, CA 94109.

### BEARDED OR MOUSTACHED FACE-SITTERS WANTED

I'm 39, 5'10", 140 lbs., bearded, and have no age or race restrictions. Write Horst, Box 1015F.

W/M, masculine, husky hunk, 49, 6'3", 235 lbs., virile, experienced, wants macho studs near my size, 30 plus only, into tit play, body contacts. One on one possible. California body builders, cowboys, leathermen, etc. reply to Box 170.

**SAN FRANCISCO**, W/M, 6', 152 lbs., 34, 8½" hard, into having my cum-/piss stained jock sucked dry.

Sweaty balls, arm pits, cracked ass and all to be licked. I'm into jocks, skin, balls being blown. Also into showing off my dick in public places that are discrete late at night. Will exchange jocks all over U.S. Photo in Jock and phone number a must. Box 1292.

**SAN FRANCISCO**, W/M, 31, 5'11", 170 lbs., enjoys hot times, groups.

One-to-one, W/S, FF (top). Leather-/Levis. Fantasies, phone, other. Prefer w/m, 21-35, within SF Area. Photo and phone gets response. Your fantasy is my challenge. Chuck. Box A98.

### SLOW DRINKER!

I'm 40, blond, 6'4", 225 lbs., have basement, need use. I'm into sweet ass, cum stained jockstraps, especially Marines with dog tags. 3 or 4 studs would be a good workout. Authority while I eat ass. Replies with photo and phone. Dig. Replies with 40, Box 2019.

**SALINAS**, Pass stop. W/M, 40, wants leather/viril MEN. Feasts on stiff, rigid white dickmeat, greedily swallow cum/piss, devours virile asshole, worships boot leather, wets down dirty, sweat drenched sex, feet, sucks toes, eats richly on toe jam. Arrogant wolf mean, boot leather tough, levi/leather, blond, blue eyed mavericks a real plus. Prefer 18-30. Photo, Phone, Box 1670.

### SKANDINAVIAN KINK

**SAN FRANCISCO**, DOMINANT Kinky artist looking for bottom, patron. I am 6', 165 lbs. Lean. Muscular. Best Face-Sitter in the Brotherhood—needs help. Chest 42", Waist 30", have blond hair, blue eyes, chiseled features, large nipples. Very goodlooking man into Barbican See Box 1528

### MUSCULAR SLAVE

**SAN FRANCISCO** Well defined, muscular slave seeks trim S for training, S&M, Bondage, Face Sitting, Tit, Cock, Ball work, piercing. Raunch. But your trip, your way. Travel. Am 40, 5'10", 150 lbs. Relation poss. Photo, Photo, Desc. letter to PO Box 5006, San Francisco, CA 94101.

### BLACK MAN

40, 5'7", 128 lbs., looking for man 21-? to train to my specifications. Should be 5'6" to 6', 120 to 180 lbs., into kink & raunch & capable of blind obedience. Body should be in good shape, age, race & endowment unimportant. Uncut with big feet have preference. Require recent photo with letter detailing your capabilities. Box 852.

### DOMINANT BODYBUILDER

31, 5'8", 160 lbs., 25" waist, 40" chest, sadistic but same, into intense/testicule pressure, bondage, titwork and unusual equipment. If you are a bodybuilder, you will find me here, there's a sense of adventure, write: Don, 1851 Hayes St., San Francisco, CA 94117 or call (415) 864-5661 or (707) 869-0243 from 10am to 8 pm only.

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**VERY GOODLOOKING  
WEIGHT LIFTER**

**SAN FRANCISCO** W/m, 30, 6'1", 42" chest, 30" waist, 7"- Very goodlooking. Masculine. Jogger-Weight lifter build. Needs piss, shit, spit, VA, C/B/T torture from other goodlooking bodybuilders. Mr. Right gets it all! Fats, fems, phonies, average looks/builds--don't waste my time. Box 1534.

**SAN FRANCISCO** W/m 32, 5'11", beard/moustache, former Army Sergeant; enjoys hot times, Leather, Levi, Uniforms, fantasies, W/S, FF/(top), toys, J/O. Phone & exchanged, etc. Even enjoys light play & cuddling. No Fats or Fems. Prefer W/M within SF area, 21-40. If you wish to make an attempt on a Fantasy, drop a note with photo (if available--photo returned upon request), include a description of yourself & phone number &/or address for response, to Box A98 (c/o Drummer) or 470 Castro Street, Ste 207-3025, SF 94114.

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BY DAD

Be direct and don't waste anyone's time! Call (415) 626-8705.

**MASCULINE STUD WANTED**  
**MARSHALL**. Uncut. Capricorn, 43, 6'3", 200 lbs. Wants masculine stud willing to give his body for our mutual satisfaction, learning and pleasure. Details, photo, phone, please. Box 164.

**HANDSOME COWBOY**

Blond, 27, 5'8", 135 lbs., hung, seeks hot versatile men to 35 for action. Write: Michael, 1285 Oak St., No. 3, San Francisco, CA 94117.

**GERONTOPHILES**

Et al: Corrupt early 50s, articulate tongue, kind but ruthless, even if I have knowledge of autohypnosis and sex. Send photo. No fats or hardcore drugs. Can you rise to the occasion? Box A52.

**SAN FRANCISCO** Take this proud, lean, horny fucker and use him, B&D, TT, WS, face and ass fucking; teach me your trip. I'm 33, 5'11", 140 lbs., 7", and can top. You're 30-50, big, well built and hard (daddy?). Photo gen me. Steve. Box 2051.

**Whipping Sessions** wanted with leather/uniform men. Have experience both as bound cocksucking slave and as booted heavy whip wielder. I am uncut, thick cock for heavy sucking. Age 36, 175 lbs., 6' bearded. Box 841.

**ASIAN DADDY'S BOY**

25, goodlooking, strictly top, seeks unique W/m daddy, 35-40, who is very masculine but strictly bottom. Must have full black leather outfit and be open to all scenes. Will reply to responses with recent photo. Box 1323.

**HOT M**, 40, 5'10", uncut. Experienced piercer or piercings, needles, S&M, C&B, Bondage. Most far out kinky scenes in my fully equipped playroom. George, Box 5641, Hunt. Bch., CA 92646.

**SAN FRANCISCO**, W/m, 32, slim, trim beard, 6'2", 160 lbs., but can be versatile, new to scene, willing to learn. Females who like to dominate their bodies. 3-ways, and have lots of fantasies. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Box B10.

**SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA**

**TELEPHONE NUMBERS**

Drummer can no longer accept PER-SO-NAL ads with telephone numbers. Existing ads with verified telephone numbers will be allowed to run until ad expires. Drummer will accept no new ads with telephone numbers.

**ENEMAN**

6'1", 165 lbs., brun/blu, 35. Enemas, whips, V/A, B&D, as top. Enemas & cunt fucking at bottom. Photo exchange. Can travel. POB 3532, Q.H., CA 93534.

**WANTED: HOT STUD  
INTO GENITAL PAIN**

EXC opportunity for attractive, well built guy into having his balls worked over. Room, board, frequent vacation travel, other benefits. I'm 27, stable, friendly. Write 2265 Westwood Blvd., Suite B-168, LA, CA 90040. Photo a must.

**SLAVE WANTED**

**NORTH HOLLYWOOD—LOS  
ANGELES**, Master, 52, 5'10", 152 lbs., Br/Br. In fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-25 only. No Beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice assortment of leather & S&M. Slaves must dig bondage. Verbal abuse, etc. Must be able to work my tit especially. Must dig oral games, but will respect slaves limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fats or phonies, however. I am Greek, dig eating hot ass & piss both ways. If the ad fits call Tony at (213) 885-7001, or write with Photo & Pic to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

**LOS ANGELES** SM, 45, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8" cut, looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. If you're a man, work me over. S&M, B&D, new ideas. Dork, 1365 Edgcliff Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90026.

**CALIFORNIA**

GERMAN slavedog, 32, 6'1", 175 lbs., 7". Totally submissive, is available for Master and/or groups for your total pleasure. Your slavedog is often in Cs and New Orleans and needs a lot of training. Into tits, piss, and fucking. Box 101.

**WANTED HOT STUD** into genital pain, looking for same. Room/board available. Writer: 2265 Westwood Blvd., L.A. CA 90064.

**TORTURE FANTASIES**

**LOS ANGELES** Raunch, Hungry pig-slave-master 30, 5'7", 150 lbs., wants to explore intelligent tit and torture fantasies with hairy-assed smug-mongers, top and bottoms. HOT men 18-50 into C&B Torture W/S, scat and natural fist fucking. Write Box 1339.

**HOLLYWOOD**

M, 44, 5'6", 130 lbs., willing to try anything with the right Master. Prefer S/M, 35-55 in leather, levi, jockstrap. Box 392.

**SENSATIONAL AND FREE**

Out of this world servicing for muscular top studs any race, especially Orientals and Blacks. Punish my red hot buns or fantastic mouth job. You'll go crazy for more, nothing like it. Absolutely discreet. Orange County, Los Angeles. Write your thing, I'll phone or reply. Box 1366. Don't miss this super servicing.

**HOT HORNEY  
HAIRY HUNKY HUNG**

**LA AREA** 46, 5'9", 179 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 8½" uncut, into light S&M, B&D, jocks, leather, WS, TT, JO, fantasy trips. Open to most new scenes, will answer with phone and photo. Box 349.

**NOVICE**—never fucked or been fucked. Want to learn it all. Will eat shit or piss. Please send picture and detailed letter of the torture you have in store for me. Will pay professional. Box 1803.

**MASTER SEEKS SLAVES**

Santa Monica area, W/m, 40, 5'11", experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. If you have your head together and are ready, write now. 2307 Santa Monica Blvd, Number 136, Santa Monica, CA 90404.

**SOUTH BAY SLAVE**

W/m, 25, 6', slim, novice, blond, smooth, needs to be collared by special Master. Torture, tits, C&B, bondage and ? Reply, Sir, to: Box 7000-81, Rolling Hills, CA 90274.

**SLAVE WANTED  
LA/ORANGE COUNTIES**

This is a serious ad. No fantasies or part time considered. Again, time, equipment and space are available to train, educate and provide totally for another male slave in a complete life of strict regimentation, obedience and service. Must be over 21 years old, submissively weak and devoids of a life commitment to a MASTER. Novice or experienced okay. Will be held to the high standards acceptable in a style of total sub-service sought by all proud Masters. Be prepared to act when applying, if accepted, it will be the final decision regarding the future. Submit petition to: **MASTER C**, Box 5580, Huntington Beach, CA 92646, for consideration, appointment and initial interview to fulfillment (include name, address, and telephone number). Willing to consider acceptance of other Master's property for specific training or boarding.

**HOT & READY IN LA**

Scandinavian man, 33, vesatile (very), good body, goodlooking. Enjoy 3-ways and groups also. Levi, leather, jocks, grease, outdoor scenes. Good men and good sex get same. Box 853.

**HAVE BIG COCK**

Looking for a big cock and hairy chest. Men 6', 170 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Have our way with each other. Try me. Box 2045.

**SPANKINGS GIVEN BY**

**LOS ANGELES** White Dad, 44, 6'3", to youthful, trim guys who need a lot of attention. Prefer non-Jocks, thin, inexperienced OK. Box 1565.

**LEATHER UNIFORMS  
AND BONDAGE**

**VAN NUYS**, looking for leather Master to bind me with leather, ropes, and affection. Light S&M. Your photo will get mine. Paul, 6375 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys, CA 91401.

**LOS ANGELES** M goodlooking 25, 5'10", 160 lbs., enjoy all scenes, please, ensure being totally dominated by intelligent, strong, stern topman familiar with positive character forming side of leather sex. Don't write unless you are able to gain control and keep it. In return receive my respect, devotion, hero worship and full rights to my body. Box 1272.

**LOVE TO EAT BUTT**

**LOS ANGELES** W/m, 30, love to eat butt. Seek Enema instructor. You are 27-45, maybe dark complexion. Box 1498.

**HOLLYWOOD** Goodlooking uncut stud seeks dominant butch uniformed law man, cycle cop, leatherman SS or Gestapo types for head trips, discipline, submission, mad doctor C&B. Witchcraft and a few other outrageous farout things that we will talk about. Aroma, etc. No one who doesn't know where his head is. Please Sir, Box 167.

**WHITE SCANDINAVIAN**

**HUNTINGTON BEACH** Male, muscular, surfer 36. Blonde, blue eyes, looking for permanent relationship with very heavy top into leather, piercing, whipping, wax, FF, WS, dildos, etc. Will consider all tops but prefer someone with smarts and a sense of humor who is a romantic and likes desert and surf as well as smoke and aroma. Ray, (714) 842-6543 or write with picture to Box 1427.

**LONG BEACH/ORANGE COUNTY**

Bearded, hairy dude 39, 6'2", 190 lbs., seeks to copulate and/or meet other hairy, uninhibited studs into fucking, sucking, V/A, and prolonged play sessions. Willing to take oral sex and try most anything with experienced instructor. Frank photo and letter gets mine. Will answer all, Box 1435.

**ORANGE COUNTY** Hot, hung, leather stud who want to bring hot, blond, blue-eyed cowboy to his knees, send photo. Details Box 1264.

**LOS ANGELES** White male animal slave to be trained and broken as horse, ready to submit to demanding male master. Masters with facilities to use him as such on occasional weekends leading to permanency. To be stabilized, bitted, harnessed and worked under reins and whip. Mature submissive to all demands. Box 1253.

**LOS ANGELES** Hot, hunky, cowboy, blue eyes, beard, wants to start a Dildo Club. Interested dudes drop me a line and state sizes and interests. Box 1270.

**BIG WIDE OPEN**

**ASSHOLES WANTED**  
LA, W/m, 31, 5'11", 165 lbs., wants men with hot assholes into FF, huge dildos, pump-fucking, able to withstand several hours of heavy ass play. Serious men only, not J/O. Box B11.

**TOTAL SLAVE**

**BURBANK** Slave Danny will submit to bondage, whipping, piercing, amputs and fts, shaving, photography for parties, groups or one Master. Phone (213) 846-9486 Dunn Payne, 241 East Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA 91502.

**THREE WAYS—GROUP SEX**  
**LOS ANGELES** Obedient slave and his Master looking for hot Leather, Levi and Uniform Studs into three ways and group sex. S&M, B&D, Dildos, Fist fucking and other interests. We have the place. Explicit letter gets immediate response. Box 1469.

**HOLLYWOOD BOTTOM** 24, 6', 135 lbs., white. Seeks good-looking partner, 25-40, into B&D, light S&M, Toys, etc. Want to try everything once, some more than once. Letters with photos answered first. Box 1462.

**LEATHER TEDDY BEAR**

Clean cut, All-American, blond guy available to be possessed and collared by some very special Master, who is dominant physically and psychologically and will teach his novice slave how to serve him affectionately. The bear is 33, 5'11", 180, straight-acting, intelligent and totally presentable, as much at home in Brooks Bros. as in bondage. No hard or rough stuff. Tom of Finland type a plus. San Diego area but relocation possible. To claim your bear, respond to: Box 998.

**LOS ANGELES AREA SOUTH**

Goodlooking, 38, trim and hot. Experienced, mustached, leather and等待 would like to work at your next party or just hear from you leather/levi fuckcuddlers. Will travel to New York, D.C. and NYC in '81. Your photo gets mine. Box B61.

**LOS ANGELES** slave, 43, 6', 165 lbs., with large C/B, digs receiving C/B/T work. S&M, leather/levi's, etc. Box A68.

**WANTED**

W/M, hot, young (18-35). Topmen into B&D, S&M, W/S, Levi's, Leather, Jocks, Master/slave games. Free sitting, fucking, anal sex (FF), and in need of help to top in service in hot masculine encounters. I'm a good-looking W/m, 46, 6', 185 lbs., with trim beard & moustache and with brown hair and blue eyes, send photo. Box 1320.

**HOT MUSCULAR BLOND**

**LOS ANGELES** 5'3", 185 lbs., 38, seeks trim Gr/act. buddy, 18-28. Photo gets mine. Aries, Box 60851, Los Angeles, CA 90060.

**BALD L.A. MASTER** 53, 6'1", 160 lbs., educated, non-smoker, requires similar any age live in, into nudity, rubdowns, earned affection. Photo with application: POB 57366, L.A., CA 90057.

**TWO LEATHER MASTERS**

**VENICE AREA** 2 W/m's, 31, 5'11", 185 lbs., blond/blue and 27, 5'7", 125 lbs., blond/blue. Looking for W/m slaves to serve, limits respected, novices welcome. Must be 18-35 into B&D, S&M, whipping. W/S. Send photo and Description. Box 1594.

**TRAINING**

**CONTROLLED BEHAVIOR**  
Slippery Dick. Novice. Cut/Uncut, hood used on. Proper request to: Sir, Box 1103, Los Angeles, CA 90068.

**LOS ANGELES AREA** W/m, 5'6", 128 lbs., 28, HOT. Seeks patient master for training novice. Must respect limits. I desire to serve. No pain or drugs. Exchange photos, ideas. Box 1399.

**SAN DIEGO** Top, 40, 6'1", 195 lbs., into all scenes, tits, W/S, FFA. Have full equipment. Will train novices. Box A70.

**SAN DIEGO MEN**

Two men, 38 and 39, seek contact with other men into fucking, fistling, W/S, jack-off, jockstraps, leather, and funky wear. Couples preferred. No fags, fms. Non-smokers! Box 895.

**MASTER SEEK SLAVE.**

Santa Monica Area, W/M 40, 5'11", experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. If you have your head on and are ready write now, 2307 Santa Monica Blvd., No. 136, Santa Monica, CA 90404.

**Am 6'4"** Brown hair, blue eyes, amputated, 190 lbs. I've modeled, looking for warm contact. Brain and body. Box 1413.

W/m, 32, 6', 185 lbs., BB, 45" chest, 16½", ass, 31" waist, handsome, masculine, intense, passionate, bilingual, English, Aries, discriminating, very intelligent. Unusual background: Ex-monk, ex-con, superior East Coast and European education. Recently divorced, career executive in TV/films. Novice to leather, light B&D, S&M. Seek depth, earned affection, integrity, mutual respect as part of training in both roles. Looking for "The Best", which I also give in return. Photo gets same. John or Warrior, Box 2420, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

**WATER**

**LOS ANGELES** Stud fuckee wants hot stud fucker meat between his cheeks or for a "Warm Ocean" fuck. Shoot some hot water in first, before you hit it with your best shot. 6'1", 165 lbs., 34. Photo exchange. Box 1562.

**WIDE OPEN ASSHOLE**

**LOS ANGELES** W/m 33, 5'11", 150 lbs, goodlooking. Wants Hot asshole into long heavy FF scenes. Seeks liberal-minded men into long lasting heavy ass trips. Box 1617.

**RIDE A COWBOY**

**RIVERSIDE AREA** Urban Cowboy, 27, wants 2-plus hung stallions to ride him, saddle, harness as you like—wants limits tested but with respect. Seek wild colts with trim mane, moustache over 30. Must travel to your stable. Will arrive in leather, torn levis, on motorcycle. Your photo gets same. Box 1558.

**HOTTEST ASS IN L.A.**  
Hot adventurous bottom, 30, hairy, horny, & high, into Leather/Levi's & toys. Gets it on with smooth hot guys. Needs Topmen with class to plug this tight little ASS. Box 1252.

**HOT ASS WANTED**

**LOS ANGELES** W/m, 29, 5'9", 185 lbs. Leather/Levi's. Wants W/m, into B&D, belt worship. Have playroom, all that's missing is your hot ass hanging in my sling. Photo and phone number. No fats or fems. Box 1564.

**DEMANDING MASTER**

**SAN DIEGO** Slave wanted by HOT HUNGRY San Diego Master, demanding but loving if earned. For more information write. Photo a must. Box 1542.

**WATER**  
**LOS ANGELES** Stud fuckee wants hot stud fucker meat between his cheeks or for a "Warm Ocean" fuck. Shoot some hot water in first, before you hit it with your best shot. 6'1", 165 lbs., 34. Photo exchange. Box 1562.

**LOS ANGELES** M, hot young animal, W/m, 25, 6'1", 155 lbs. Wants wild leather/levis stud to take this punk to the limit in S/M, B/D, Wax, Cuffs. Collars and heavy Gr. Come work this with his ass. Box 997.

**FANTASIES FOR ACTION**

Glendale, 95% for? Let's match them enough in common for a way out hot scene. VA is a must. FF, B&D, WS, C&B, wax, hoods, restraints, needles, potty seat for rim or scat, toys, Bell Game, etc. And topless scenes, but dude and topless can change that. Hairless, but men are the name of the game. W/m, 38, 142 lbs., moustache. Hair for dudes that have their act together and know where it's at. Age, size no hang up. Box 2050.

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**SAN DIEGO** 21 year old novice slave seeks goodlooking leather master. I'm blond, 5'5", 130 lbs., like B&D, bootlicking and fucking. Box 2010.

**WEST COVINA** W/m, 40, 6', 158 lbs., uncut. Cancerian, versatile, hot, goodlooking macho dude, into most scenes except scat, FF and heavy pain. Enjoy worshipping a beautiful body and cock, servicing a cock completely, and I mean completely. Looking for oversexed, hot dude, 21-45, who likes his cock taken care of royally. Your photo gets mine. Box 64.

**TONSILECTOMY**  
**APPENDICOTOMY**  
**SLIPADICKTOMY**  
**LUVPEASEX** from  
**MATTHEW & BUDDY**  
(Glendale, Calif.)

**WANT REAL MASTER**  
**NORTH HOLLYWOOD** Wanted: white male, 25-40, into motorcycles, camping, backpacking, S&M, bondage, discipline. Am white, 130 lbs slave in search of a REAL MASTER to obey entirely and worship completely. Box 1515.

**LOS ANGELES** M, W/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim, good body, 125 lbs, intelligent, goodlooking, looking for intelligent S. I need to serve my man and expect eventually only the limitations my Master has for me. Especially like to serve others for you. I need to be to my proper serve you. Box 280.

**LOS ANGELES** I dig licking your big balls and swallowing your hot cum! Am 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., 7", neat body. Will fulfill any fantasy. Box 975.

**SHORT TOP FFA MEN**

**LOS ANGELES** W/m, 31, 6'4", 166 lbs. Wants short men with hot experienced hands to plow AWWHOLE into ecstasy. Box 1539.

**COLORADO**

**HOT HUNG HORNY**

Humpy, hard, hairy, hunky honcho. Box 2046.

**CONNECTICUT**

**MOTORCYCLE LEATHER**  
**MASTER GREENWICH**

Experienced, dominant, who wants to need S&M. B&D, C/B/T, T/T, Gr/Fr, W/S. Domination and other Leather actions including Leather toys. Send me your applications. Limits required. Leather Tops & Cowboys welcome to share. Box 1531.

**WESTERN CONN.**

Black guy, 26, 6'1", 170 lbs., seeks masculine guys with beards or moustaches. Greek, hot body contact. Box 2029.

**MAIL ORDER**

**MAIL ORDER NOTICE**

The California laws now read that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

**EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER**  
Looking for Leather/Levi, S&M slave. Those who want a dominant Master into Leather, bondage and many other interesting sexual scenes. Send me your application. Acceptable applicants will be tried to explore new adventures. If you are experienced send me your Application also. Box 437.

**EXTREMELY HANDSOME**

New Haven, 26, handsome, 4'1" hairy chest, 30" waist, 170 lbs., muscular, defined build. Seeks same, any age. Photo a must. Travel New, CA. Occupant, Box 397, New Haven, CT 06510.

**STAMFORD S** with bull whip requires total obedience. Have 9½" to force feed your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20. Box 579.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

**BONDAGE ANIMAL**

Slender body for bizarre experiments, pain, humiliation, total control, eroticism. Box 2010.

**MD, DC, VA AREAS**

Two bodybuilder's b, 6'1", 172 lbs., 36, 75%\*, M, 6'1", 175 lbs., 32, 80%, both well built. Into S&M, bondage, discipline, hairy tit work, hot masculine guys. Interested in one-on-one, three-way or groups. Reply with photo if possible and phone. Box 36.

**WASHINGTON DC AREA** W/m, 40, 5'11", 175 lbs., bl/bl, seeks w/m partner, 25-40, with facility for B&D, enemas. Can travel. Wash-NY. No fats, drugs, scat. Photo requested. P.O. Box 23867, Wash, DC 20024.

**MD-DC-WA:** M, Cancer, 6', 35, 168 lbs., blonde, blue eyes, moustache, sensuous, thirsty, independent, straight appearing, looking for experienced, creative, hairy, hard bodied tops, 30-45. Recycled leather, repeater shooters, long sessions, leather, body, leather worker and sweat are turn ons; fat, fake, feather, tan, blood and shit are turn offs. Not looking for an Adonis or one fantastic fuck, but for men to serve, experiment with, and expand limits with over time. Deeper relationship possible, not likely, but willing to try. Told I'm goodlooking, hot, but you decide. Recent photo and letter gets recent photo and response. Your photo returned. S/r. Please write, Box 50602, Washington, DC 20004.

**FLORIDA**

Want to eat from your dog bowl and feel your riding crop. If you have uncut thick cock, hanging balls, a hairy ass for me to eat from, and you are very strikin in your demands, please contact me. I am 39, 5'10", 184 lbs., 9" uncut. Box 735.

**STALLION VS STALLION**

**FT. LAUDERDALE WRESTLE-**  
**COCK-FIGHT**, Spank, ver. Leather, Piss, just fine. You/us Me the Fuck. Goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs., 5'10%", 7" cock, BB wants rid the hole of another proud beatin'. Stallion, E/Spanol, arrogant young dudes at Box 1162, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. Bang Balls and I'll show you what a girl you are.

**DAYTONA** Wanted: Permanent House Slave. Box 226, Daytona, FL 32015.

**HOT ADVENTURES IN PARADISE**  
Uncut 8' Sm transplanted San Francisco, offers hot Key West action of qualified visitors. Hard-bodied, hard-headed, hard-playing 35-year-old welcomes other adventurous studs into exploring and actualizing our mutual fantasies. I'm attractive, intelligent, athletic, hairy, hairy, hairy and mustached, it takes the same to turn me on. Bonds, big tits, interest in bondage, S&M, CB and tit torture. FF are pluses, but less important than a hot body and sense of adventure. Planning a visit to paradise? Reply (with photo if possible) to Box 792.

**MOTORCYCLE COPS**

Muscular hairy stud, 6', 165 lbs., wants to correspond with motorcycle cops and other MEN into same. Only boot-breech-uniform enthusiasts into disciplined scenes need reply. Discretion assured. Box 1116.

**MIAMI** W/m, 26, hairy chest, masculine, bottom seeks flogging, fucking and tit torture from firm, muscular Whipmaster. Sir, please write: Box 557261, Miami, FL 33155.

**FLORIDA TRUCKER**

Wants young total slave to work 38 states (furniture). You will work your legs off by day and your ass off by night. Detailed letter and photo. 16-25, only. Box 2014.

**THE LIGHT TOUCH**

FT. L-LWD Looking for that special body that twists, spasms, pants and pops hairy bone when lightly touched. Into long licking & tickling torture sessions. Expose your pits, tits, cock, balls, ass, feet to this expert. Leather, sweat, jocks, lotions, light bondage & pain may enhance scene, but drugs, filth, degradation are turnoffs. Me: Sagit., 31, 5'8", 150 lbs., hairy. Looking for hot encounters, fantasies, correspond. You have the mind and body, clean and well kept. Recent photo must bare chest or more. (DX: French Port; Box 2004.

**LEATHER/RUBBER**

W/m, 35, 5'9", 155 lbs., blond, seeks W/m top partner, with experience in leather, dildos, training in leather scene. Other bottoms, please write also. No scat, WS, perm marks, crazies, hairy druge. Lets just turn our desires into the real thing. Photo with detailed letter to: Box 2036.

**MIAMI AREA SLAVE**

Seeks hot, hairy, rugged, rough, macho Masters who want their hot, sweaty, funky cock, balls and ass cleaned by licking, rimming and sucking. All macho men, black and dark complexioned, white who are masculine and well endowed, who wants a good white slave into WS, S&M, B&D, sweat, fucking and funk. Write Box 59 to make arrangements for your place or mine. Can travel. W/m, 50, slim, 165 lbs., 8½", tight firm ass.

**PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT**  
SM, 38, advertising photographer specializing in travel accounts, seeks young man for assistant/lover. Experience not necessary, must be hard worker, honest, dependable, presentable to clients. Able to handle lighting and photo equipment. Assignments are 30% Florida, 50% rest of USA, and 20% foreign. All expenses and percentages. Send background photo and phone. J.V.E. Box 10084, Bradenton, Florida 33501.

**FT LAUDERDALE** White, masculine, stable top seeks subjects for training. Discretion is assured. Northern visitors welcome. Include photo, phone and honesty in application. Box 1449.

**SM PISCES**

36, 5'8", 165 lbs., well built, white, 6", knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well built, big, no fats, female. Box 009.

**FT. LAUDERDALE** Part-time slave wanted by Scorpio, trim, athletic, bondage, discipline, humiliation, paddling. Novice or experienced. Must have firm body, smooth ass, very little body hair. Must be intelligent, discreet, youthful. No fats, females, phones. Send detailed honest letter with photo and phone number to Box 851.

**FT. LAUDERDALE** Masculine, imaginative, dominant Master seeks together studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C/B/T, spanking, shaving, for 3-way with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline but no permanent damage or scat. Demanding but considerate. Am 45, 165 lbs., 7' cut with big balls and big hands. Box 258.

**SW FLORIDA** S Top, leather biker stud, 39, 5'7", 140 lbs., crew-cut, construction worker, hairy-hung, digs masochism only hunting service business for dogs and hairy horse lessons. No fat old men. You get my attention if you are into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Am dominant and aggressive, sane and sensible. Respect limits. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

**MIAMI** W/m, 42, 5'10", 160 lbs., blonde/blue. Show off your tough hard body with this goodlooking raunch man into workout mates, m/f, 30+, pro, worship, sweat, heavy dildo and intense action sought and given. Tender young guys expertly taught how to be men. Write w/photo. Box 47.

**HAIRY MACHO MEN**

If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex and hairy, hairy, rugged, rough masters, write. I will tell you what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right Box 59.

Attractive, stable, intelligent man, mid 20s, white, has been exploring sado-masochism several years; wants similar man to mid-30s for honest continuing weekend explorations. Must have come to an understanding that mutual exploration, support, respect, and care are requisite to building the trust and love central to any real sado-masochistic encounter. Not looking for one fantasy fuck. Honest only with a sense of humor should reply. Confidential and expects the same. Central/South Florida. Prefer Top/bottom man. Box A37.

**GEORGIA**

**SLEAZY ACTION**  
**AUGUSTA** W/m, 42, 150 lbs., 6', short cropped hair, moustache, good body, needs V/A, W/S, Shaving and whipping from imaginative tops. Sleazy action and long hot sessions. Can be top, prefer bottom for experienced man. Box 1571.

**ATLANTA**, WM, 34, interested in SM bondage, shaving. Would also like to experience foot tickling while in bondage. Blacks welcome. Box 1902.

**DECATUR MS**, 35, 6' W/m into B&D, SM, C&B torture, whips, paddles, toys. Tr A/P, Gr A/P, 89, 501 Levi's, army boots and heavy ball work. No FF, scat, injury or permanent marks. Send phone. Box 1909.

M, 26, white, 5'10", 147 lbs., into rough fucking and fist fucking, piss, S&M, B&D, verbal abuse, leather, levi's, boots. Seeks meetings or correspondence with aggressive Tops in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. No fems, scat, scars or blood. Box 286.

## ILLINOIS

### LICK A DIRTY BODY

**CHICAGO** Pig ass of any kind (crudy crotch, armpits, and ass, piss or shit, toilets, face sitting, mud, sweat, grease) in or out of clothes (uniforms, Leather, levi's, jocks, gym shorts, etc.) with or without bottoms. Hot goodlooking man, 35, 6'1", 165 lbs. seeks guys into any of the above to serve me or do some trade-off. Fantasy, diddles, pain, role playing, anything different or bizarre turns me on. We can do it all. Travel US. Send photo and dirty letter. Box B64.

### FANTASIES FULFILLED

**CHICAGO** WHITE male, 41, 6'3", 195 lbs., will fulfill your fantasies. Military Discipline, S&M, Fraternity Initiations, Prisoner, Humiliation, Bondage, etc. Send photo if possible. All replies answered. Chicago Metropolitan Area only. P.O. Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60690.

**CHICAGO** Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fatas. Box 418.

### NEED HAIRY-CHESTED SADIST

**CHICAGO** To work me over hairy scenes for mutual pleasure. Cigar smoker a plus. Cock, balls, tit piercing, fisting, bare bottoming, etc. I am 6'1", 190 lbs., 37 with 8% cock, in good shape. Box 1371.

### CHICAGO COUPLE into FF, B&D,

seek like-minded individuals for three ways, group action. Top 34, 5'4", 120 lbs., bottom, 27, 6', 140 lbs. 6'. Reply with photo gets ours. Only serious minded Master need reply. Box 1340.

### SLAVE FOR SALE

#### AND/OR RENT

5'10", 195 lbs., Brown hair, Blueeyes, 31-46. Extra strong body and spirit. S&M, B&D, W/S, etc. Not used often. Strong Master could train right. Send your requirements. Box 1426.

### CHICAGO

White, 34, 5'6", 140 lbs., 2" cock. Toy wants other tops or aggressive bottoms for extended, multi-scene action: sucking, fucking, rimming, Jocks, J/O, W/S, fist fucking and ball work. More body HAIR the better. Letters with photo gets same— pronto. Box 1460.

### BOOTLICKER

**CHICAGO** RINGER M, 31, 6'1", 175 lbs. Needs humiliation and abuse from anyone. Wielded cocky Master, suspension, bondage, tilts, piss, rubber. Write Wolf, 6636 Newgard St., Chicago, IL 60626.

### DUNGEON/PLAYROOM

**CHICAGO** Dungeon/Playroom available for your private sessions or parties. 1,000 sq. ft., fully equipped, cell, tub, slings, suspension and B&D area, rack, toys, posts, etc. Private. Reasonable. Top Supervision optional. Traynor (312) 525-3341.

### SLAVEBOY SOUGHT

**CHICAGO** White, 6'2", 165 lbs., hairy with small, slender slave heterosex. Must be 20 to 30, under 40 lbs., with small, firm buns and irresistible desire to be fucked. Prefer gentle, somewhat fem, pretty boy (type not now 'fashionable') who needs permanent, secure relationship, and who enjoys sex and "belonging to a man". No drugs. Box 1549.

### SLEAZY ACTION

#### BEATS GET RESULTS!

**WANTED:** Writer needs input for story line. Dr. Fiederman says my fiction lacks authenticity—so tell me what S&M 'do's and 'don'ts'. Brian O'Hara, 4321 W. 95th St., Oak Lawn, IL 60453.

**TOP SEEKS YOUNG**, well built slave. Bottom must be totally submissive, obedient, loyal and capable of working for top. Box 1831.

Horny Chicago W/m, 34, 6', 160 lbs., needs to get fucked. If you're man enough, send photo to Box 1905. No FF. If your cock can't do the job, forget it.

**CHICAGO** W/m, 38, 6'3", 180 lbs., seeks friends/slaves 30 or over, in good physical condition with level head. Box 894.

### WORSHIP/HUMILIATION

Licks bodies, boots, feet, armpits, ass/V/A, spit, toilet games, humiliation, asswipe service. If you're hot—especially muscular types or stocky ex-football players, potbellies, or big bodies fine, I'll go top/bottom, or mutual ideas? Midwest and both coasts. Goodlooking man, muscular, size 36, 6', 160 lbs. Box 864.

### CHICAGO

Sit back, watch video porn, throw up your legs and let me rim your ass. Or piss in my mouth, or sit on my face and twist my CAB's. ME: 32, 6', 175 lbs., 17", beard: You. WM, Bi or married, 18-40, TDF, average to thin. All hot letters with pics, answered first. Box 1798.

## INDIANA

### REAL MASTER WANTED

**INDIANAPOLIS** W/m, 23, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7". Hot slave seeks real Master to put me in my place. Make me beg to serve your boots and cock. Fill my mouth with your piss and my ass with your manhood. Into all fetishes, verbal abuse, bondage. Can travel if you're man enough to tame me. Please write Box 1570.

### MASTER WANTS SLAVES:

**FOR WAYNE** Novice or experienced. Light or Heavy SM. Must have good body. Master is muscular, 42, lean, muscular, 5'11", 160 lbs. Write: P.O. Box 12302, Fort Wayne, IN 46863.

**INDIANAPOLIS** M, 48, 5'10", 170 lbs., 6", white, inexperienced. Will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable Master to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to surrounding states. No blood and no scat. Photo please. Box 833.

**INDIANAPOLIS** M, 26, 6', 180 lbs., 6'6" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is heavy ball work. Turns to Blacks, hairy men, 21-45. No fats, fems, drugs, WS or scat. Box 1549.

**INDIANAPOLIS** M, 26, 6', 180 lbs., 6'6" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is heavy ball work. Turns to Blacks, hairy men, 21-45. No fats, fems, drugs, WS or scat. Box 1549.

## IOWA

**IOWA** MASTER 6', lean, white, seeks permanent slave for complete physical & mental training, need bondage & submission. Must be lean or muscular, hairless in head and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo, application & phone to Box 979.

## KANSAS

**SE. KANSAS SLAVE**  
Needs hairy master with leather to train him. M, 21, goodlooking, good build. Send nude photo for reply. Can travel 4-state area. Box 2003. W/m, 5'10", 175 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, Green, passive. Box 2172, Hutchinson, KS 67501.

## KENTUCKY

**MASTER SEEKS SLAVE**  
**LEXINGTON** 5', 38, 5'1", 175 lbs., experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. Must have firm body and have your head off. If you are ready, write now. Box 986, Lexington, KY 40505.

## LOUISIANA

**LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS**  
**NEW ORLEANS** W/m, 35, Leather. Police Uniforms, boots, B&D, S&M. Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of Leather, hairy, black boots, full police uniform and gear. See a few discreet men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box 1599.

### FATHER-SON

**MONROE** W/m, 34, 6', 175 lbs., into pipeline, reform school type discipline. Both roles. Would like to hear about fantasies and possibly meet. Box 1576.

### HUMILIATION-EXHIBITION

**SPLAT!**  
A cream pie in a handsome face. Hot victim to swap, slapslick photos and experiences with other pie face tools. I'm also into aashole, toilet training and shaving indignities. Your hardcore photos get mine. Ron, Box 362, New Iberia, LA 70560.

### ATTENTION SLAVES

Handsome, hung **MASTER**, white, 30', tall, trim, strict yet sensitive, respects obedient slave. Novices trained. Limits respected and expanded. Apply with respectful letter. Include address, phone, nude photo. Box 8278, New Orleans, LA 70128.

**NEW ORLEANS** S, 33, 5'10", 160 lbs., seeks obedient, willing, muscular, line M, 21-40, for mutual satisfaction. Firm, any scene, will respect limits. Fuck items, send qualifications with photo. Reply: Sir, Box 1841-LA.

**NEW ORLEANS** **MASTER**, 45, 5'8", 135 lbs., 6", into B&D, 30", C&B, T/T, st. balls, boots, FF, W/S. Seeks summer trainees, 18-30. Must be together and sincere. Send honest letter with photo. Box 1541.

### TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Drummer can no longer accept PERIODICALS ads with telephone numbers. Existing ads with verified telephone numbers will be allowed to run until ad expires. Drummer will accept no new ads with telephone numbers.

## MAINE

### HAVE A FANTASY?

Want it to come true? Two bearded dudes from northern Maine woods into all scenes: groups, FF, WS, J/O, tit and ball torture, bondage, voyeurism, smokes and aroma; ready for hot, kinky action. Come visit, write or call. Your photo gets ours. Quebecois song surtout les bienvenus. Box 796.

## MARYLAND

**LUTHERVILLE** Master seeks respect and service from 2-legged stud with size. Will consider novice trainee. Send photo & full information. Box 1602.

### WANTED:

**BALTIMORE** CLEAN, WELL-HUNG, HOT ASSED, HARD DICK, BUTT FUCKIN', ASS EATIN', DICK SUCKIN', TOE SUCKIN', WHITE, BLACK OR LATINO PIG, 25-35. Able to work 8 hours sleep 8 hours and fuck 8 hours a day, every day. To service two hot, tattooed pissed, shaved, self-supporting wifes, 35 and 40, into total control and body ownership, sharing, piercing, C&B, torture, toys, FF, and much more. Two fully equipped penises. Tattoos and piercing a plus, but not presently required. Objective: Permanent full-time, three-way relationship, possible business partnership. Only serious apply with photo and stats. Ed and Richard, C/O LEATHER UNDERGROUND, 208 RED STRET, BALTIMORE, MD 21201.

White male, 45, 5'5", 180 lbs., bottom looking for top. No scat, FF, or dope. All else ok. Blacks or whites. Mar Gerton, 9 Manchester Place, Silver Spring, MD 20901.

Masculine, Hung, Dominant, Stable New into leather, like S&M (bottom)?

### DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

**BALTIMORE** OR WASHINGTON, DC area SM (either role), into L/L, WS, CB/T, B&D, strap, FF, no scat. Apply with picture stating desired. Frequent visitor to Chicago, L.A., SF, Box 855.

### NOVICE

**BALTIMORE AREA** M, 5'11", 180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sincere understanding, experienced and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some US travel. Box 128.

**HAGERSTOWN** W/m, 35, 6'1", 170 lbs., bodybuilder looking for other masculine well-built bodies. Must be totally male. Box 36.

**BALTIMORE-ANAPOLIS AREA**, S, 5'8", 170 lbs., bearded, goodlooking, firm but understanding. Seeks slaves for long sexual sessions in equipped den. All scenes, other tops welcome to share slaves. Letters with photos get answered. Box 1410.

## MASSACHUSETTS

**HOT JACK OFF SCENES**  
**BOSTON** Wanted by hot attractive border complexion guy visiting San Francisco and Los Angeles soon. Body oils, aroma, vibrators, Ok. No S&M, B&D, or FF. Your recent photo is a must and returned promptly at your request. Let's get it on. Box 1537.

## HIDE TANNING: NEW ENGLAND/NY

W/m, 5'9", 154 lbs., seeks to hear from you if you need to have your hide tanned and attended to. Disciplined and understanding. Also seek contact with other tanners in search of new hide. Box 1407.

**HOT, HUNG,** baseball-playing stud into big sweaty low hanger, heavy ballgames. Forming club for meeting other ballplayers into weight stretchers, workouts. SASE. Box 513, 310 Franklin St., Boston, MA 02110.

**CAPE COD**, S, 52, 6', Taurus, 200 lbs., well-muscled, tough, uncut into B&D, W/S, shaving, FF, and all kinds of anal entry, enemas and other sports. Seeks white slave, 18-40, totally submissive, for prolonged long-term service. No drugs, fats, or fems. Must be able to endure moderate to heavy pain, ball torture, tit piercing, prolonged immobilization, butt abuse, body whipping. No crybabies, softies, or thrill-seekers need apply. I am looking for a serious slave who craves punishment, abuse, humiliation, and expects nothing but pain, torment and discomfort in return. Box 790.

**NOVICE** Voyeur looking for involvement. W/m, 40, 61", 180 lbs., needs well-built Master to train my yearnings to serve him freely of inhibitions. Must be tough and gentle into Leather or light leather. Need titwork, bondage. I'm a challenge, but sure to be worth it. Picture appreciated. Box 1476.

## LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

**BOSTON** Bearded, W/m, mid-30s, versatile and imaginative, 5'9", 155 lbs., uncut, hairy body, turned on by tit work, W/S, ass work, and foot licking. Seeks men of same interests. Willing to expand. Box 840.

## BOSTON, NE & NYC

34, 5'8", brown hair and eyes. Sir, I wish to serve hot, erotic leather man as his slave in leather bondage. Light S&M, hood, gags, handcuffs and toys. No FF, scat, piercing, or shaving. Thank you, Sir, for your consideration. Box 1431.

## FIST FUCKING BUDDY

Boston W/m, 35, 5'11", 170 lbs., 8-cut cock, with big nipples, wants buddy to take turns fistling each other. Guys also into tits a plus, but not necessary. Include phone number, if possible. Box 2031.

## NEW! PENIS ENLARGED IMMEDIATELY! & GUARANTEED!

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7313 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046

## MICHIGAN

### HUNG MEN SOUGHT

**DETROIT**, 30, 6', 175 lbs., 7"-attractive; seeks similar hung men, 18-43. Hot photo gets mine, but not necessary. Explicit letter please. Box 2016. Masculine, 27, 6', 165 lbs., new to L/L scene. Like to meet experienced, 25-40, into jocks, WS, light S&M. Leather gear a turn on. Must respect limits. Box 2028.

**SOUTHFIELD** 46, 6', 160 lbs. German S, muscular, 7" uncut, seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing, with limits respected. No drugs, fats, tems. Hairless body, light physique a plus. Box 468.

**DETROIT AREA** W/m, 24, 5'10", 145 lbs., light brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, good looking, hairy ass, looking for top guys into leather, levi's. Enjoy tit work, B&D, dildoes, FF. Write: Box 364, Hazel Park, MI 48030.

## MINNESOTA

### UNCUT WHITE TOP MAN

40-70, grizzled, masculine, white cocksucker must live with, worship and suck, one straight, non-reciprocating, obscene fuckin' son of a bitch. Full time, cowboys, farmers, lawmen, hard hats, others welcome, like boots, levi's, Leather, piss. THICK pleathers, clean assholes. Will relocate. Photo, Phone, Box 1261.

### MASTER WANTED

**MINNEAPOLIS** White, 25, handsome, masculine slave, 5'11", 150 lbs., light brown hair, green eyes, dark beard, hot & horny, 7". Leo. I am ready to serve; white, 28-40 year-old stud. I would prefer only tall, dark hairy muscular masters. Beards, moustaches & big manly tool a plus. Let me serve you and worship you. Obey you and love you. I dig all leather (gen's & fems), FF, dirty talk, posin', big cockring, jocks, all boots & gym gear. I beg you. Please, Sir help this hot, wanting slave find an owner. Letters to Box 560.

**mpls.** Would like to meet men who like to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all men who are well built and know what they want. No FF. Photo preferred. Box 562.

**W/Male**, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs., seeks slave or prisoner who needs tit, cock, & ball torture. Box 356.

**MLPS.** Would like to meet men who like to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all men who are well built and know what they want. No FF. Photo preferred. Box 562.

**W/Male**, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs., seeks slave or prisoner who needs tit, cock, & ball torture. Box 356.

## BEARDED LEATHER MASTER

**DETROIT** 33, 5'10", 140 lbs., 9" Cock, looking for submissive slave, 21-35. Am into S&M, B/D, W/S, TT. Write with photo. Box 1532.

**DETROIT** W/m, 47, 5'8", 175 lbs, SM, B/D. Solid and very hairy all over. Bottom, passive for lots of bondage/discipline. Particularly enjoy dungeons, jails, cells and barns in bondage. Like enemas, dildoes, Greek a/p, French a/p. All kinds of fetishes. No scat, and sometimes piss. No smokers and light drinkers. I have lots of toys and can entertain and welcome visitors especially from out of state. All races please. Sirs, chain me up and rape my ass or gang bang me. Box 1290.

**DETROIT** White, hard-muscled top man, 33, 5'9", 155 lbs., looking for stud under 40, top/bottom, to serve as right hand man in discipline sessions with butch slave, 22. Let's belt his tight buns, ride him at both ends, soak him in piss, and enjoy a beer as he worships our bodies in gratitude. Have sling, also video equipment for voyeuristic cameraman. Photos exchanged, returned. Box 899.

### SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

White male, 26, 6', 160 lbs., 8" into oral service. Western types, feet, will bend to serve. Box 1261. **DETROIT**, 18-35. Write Steve, P.O. Box 123, Roseville, MI 48066. Photos answered first. White or Black.

**WAYNE COUNTY AREA** White slave, 21, needs Master, any race, any age. Into anything and everything. No limits. You call for the shots. Ready and willing. Sir. Box 826.

**DETROIT** W/m, 38, 5'6", 140 lbs., good body, hairy and hung (especially thick). Needs chunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive ASSholes. 18-35. Write: Box 1261. Photo preferred. Box 351. Philo, MI 48024.

**ROCHESTER** S, 5'10", 160 lbs., 8"-fieri Master with well-educated dumb ass. Train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, W/S, and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road South, Rochester, MI 48063.

**MASTER** understands your needs. Time for talk and time for action. Trumbull area professional. Michigan. Tom Proctor, Box 104, Cass City, MI 48726.

## MUSCULAR LEATHERMAN

**DETROIT AREA ONLY—MUSCULAR** leatherman into soft side of leather. Enjoy leather, boots, jockstraps, cuddling, kissing, J/O. Photo a must. Box 1506.

## MISSOURI

### S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M

Leather master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, humiliation, discipline, penitence, poverty, labor, alliance, cloister, devotion. You will learn sign language, have name changed, head shaved. If you pass the novitiate you will be professed Usque As Mortem. You cannot serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss, not a pious meditation. Vocation to serve? Apply with aspirations and photo. Many are called but only one is chosen. Box 363.

**KANSAS CITY MASTER** Affectionate Scorpio, uncut 5', 58", 145 lbs., solid; prefer small, slim, white, 20-40. Greek passive, Fr. a/p. Live in lover/slave who needs to be owned, possessed for permanent relationship with no hang ups. Respect limits. Box 1318.

**ST. LOUIS** W/m, 6'1", 165 lbs., 8" uncut, very hairy all over, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive yet quiet, straight acting and appearing, seeks other hairy masculine dudes into mutual give and take working over cock, tits, balls, assholes with uniforms, jocks. No scat or shaving. Any age, eager to explore. Box 896.

Young slaves may apply to versatile 6' bodybuilder (180 lbs.) for servitude stating qualifications along with photos. Various scenes possible and rewards given for excellent service. Located in St. Louis area. Box 159M.

## ST. LOUIS AREA

6'1", hairy stud, into mutual give and take with other hairy guys into plowing, jerking and other interesting occupations with or without tools. Have dark brown hair and 8" to play with. Box 2043.

**ST. LOUIS** W/m 6'2", 175 lbs., needs hairy stud. Can go either way, tough or hard or otherwise. This tongue is wild and will clean out every thing from assholes to armpits. Tit work a specialty. My hungry ass will take anything you have. Your photo gets mine. Box 1479.

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Issue 47

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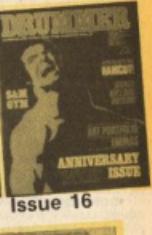
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Issue 50

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### LOVER/MASTER WANTED

Goodlooking, 24 year old, 5'7", into FF, J/O, milf, S/M, dirty talk, wrestling, leather and aggression fondles. Want dominant, financially secure Master. 200 lbs., hairy body, looks, tough and loving, caring body, looks. Will try to take care of me. Will try hard to please. Respect limits. Will relocate. Want permanent relationship. Nude photo & phone number gets reply. Clay Violet, 1015 Faraon, Apt. 310A, St. Joseph, MO 64501.

### NEBRASKA

#### CORNHUSKER MAVERICK

Needs tannin', 5'4", leather, Levi, hornier than hell, like my sex rough and hard, need a good Master. If you think you're man enough to break me. Box 496.

**SOUTH EAST NEBRASKA** W/m, 40, 6'1", 180 lbs., uncouth, looking for hot sex, 18-45. Enclose photo. Box 1459.

### NEVADA

#### WILLING TO LEARN

**RENO** I'm computer experienced in the Leather World, but am willing to learn another way from an understanding, experienced Leatherman. I'm muscular, so want a very muscular, hairy man. I like tit work, rimming, sucking, fucking, and would like to get into W/S. At this time I'm not interested in scat, FF, or heavy pain trips or heavy drug scenes. It isn't important that every man I desire be hairy, but must be muscular. Box 869.

**MASTER** seeking full time applications for slave boy. Will serve as master seen fit, into bondage, discipline, C/B, tit work, WS, etc. Master has complete training facilities to handle any slave. Slave apply with photo (mandatory). Master is 32, 5'11" handsome. Reply to Box 1821.

### LOOKING FOR MASTER

**RENO** S/m, 35, hairy, leather master in Reno area, to train slave for service area. Prefer bodybuilder with definite need to dominate. Am willing to expand limits for man who is capable of leading a slave into W/S, TT, B&D, etc. SLAVE is 5'11", 158 lbs, br/blu, 30, semi-muscular with good face. You are handsome and kind of man who should be served. Photo a must, yours will get mine. Thank you, SIR, for your TIME. Box 1387.

### NEW JERSEY

**MORRISTOWN** S, 41, 6'2", 190 lbs., white, 70% hairy body. Quiet, stable, down to earth, not into game playing, mental or fantasy trips. Easy going, but demanding and experienced no-nonsense type of Master but one who understands the value of TLC. Seeks the services of a good slave, especially oral, 20s to 30s, for weekends or possible permanent live-in relationship. Enjoy giving light workouts to a good body, but will respect limits at all times. Will go to train novice. No drugs, fats, fems, muscular and into rough leather sex. Box 520.

**CENTRAL JERSEY** W/m, 39, 6'175 lbs., tattooed, bodybuilder, leather stud. Harley rider with fifteen years experience as sadist with private room wants to hear from willing slave ages, 25-40. Limits respected and expanded. No reply without picture, which gets mine. Write to: P.O. Box 13, Frenchtown, NJ 08825.

### TATTOOED BIKER

**BLACKWOOD** Full heavy-leathered, dirty levis, big booted, tattooed biker seeks similar local bikers interested in wild prolonged p/s sessions. W/S, and riding together. Digs exchanging piss and cum on each other's boots and levis. P.O. Box 284, Blackwood, New Jersey, 08012 (Send letter & photo.)

### TRENTON SLAVE

51, 5'9", 165 lbs., 6" uncut, begs for trial by pain and abuse through B&D, suspension, C&B torture, sit w/whips, paddles, W/S, electric chair, body shaving, etc for some small privilage of serving and adoring master with mouth, tongue and asshole.

### SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Leather slave, into fucking and fucking, seeks bald or crew cut leather men over 50, big build, 200 lbs. or over. Send photo with letter. Box 2097.

Blast off using super sleazy jerk-off DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

### NEW MEXICO

#### BOOTLICKER

**SANTA FE** Need knowledgeable Master to train and discipline good-looking, body building slave, 22, 5'11", 140 lbs. Leather bondage, uniforms, shaving, verbal abuse, humiliation. Versatile can travel. Box 1735.

### NEW YORK

#### NYC S

Me, 35, 160 lbs., 5'9", into whipping, tit and ass work. You: Stocky, chunky and mature. If you are interested in no nonsense sessions, send detailed letter with photo and phone. Box 2023.

**NEW YORK** 36, Aquarius, blond, blue-eyed, goodlooking (clean cut but not effeminate), W/m desires to service, relieve, and please macho MASTER, Clint Eastwood types. Not into heavy S/M or FF, but like to receive verbal abuse, W/S, and see dominant dominants work out their service and relief. Turned on by leather shoes, bootees, cigars, and male slaves. Willing to learn more about pleasing macho types. All letters welcome and answered promptly, ages 23 to 50. Box 220K.

**MANHATTAN** Black man, 50, seeks white, non-slave who uses his submissive head for thinking, sucking cock, drinking my piss, wanting his mouth fucked and performing total oral service for my black cock regularly. A guy who gives me his greatest asset, his head, in service; allegiance, Love and communion. Box 510.

**GREENWICH VILLAGE** M into total rigid prolonged leather bondage. Into permanent bondage lifestyle. Am 38, uncut, 5'10", 165 lbs. Box 1790.

### HUNKY SLAVE

24, 5'7", 150 lbs., seeks older, imaginative Master (hairy, muscular, stocky) to expand limits. Hope for titwork, shaving, suspension, WS, cigar smoke, complete domination, but you're the boss! Box 2111.

### JOCKS

Do you fantasize having you big sweaty feet (size 11) in my hands? I have a hot W/m, 27, 6'1", 175 lbs., who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Box 304, Village Station, New York, NY 10014.

### WRESTLERS STREET FIGHTERS

28, 6'2", 190 lbs., W/m, Topman wants to meet submissives young dudes into no-holds-barred. L/L, jock, wrestling. Also want to hear from other Tops into same. Box 804A.

### HOUSEBOY FOR SALE:

Will take care of your home. Need owner with a strap who will keep me naked, chained, and shaved. Use me for hard labor, abuse, total toilet and body service. Only serious minded over 35. NY, CT, NJ. Box 1312.

### WRESTLERS-LIES-&M

Mean, tough, vicious, ruthless stud, W/m, 6'2", wants to hear from same type, duds, all ages, into no-holds-barred fighting, kicking, punching, and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc. Exchange info, ideas, or meet. Box 804.

### BALLS 43, 5'8", W, 155 lbs., hot,

outdoors type, together and creative. My sack, heavy balls with full hot balls, if you're into giving & getting sensual pain into balls, let's get it on. Lots of equipment. A photo of your sack gets mine. Box 1284.

### SYRACUSE SAM COUPLE

Looking for real levi and leatherman in the Syracuse and NYC Area for medium, hairy, leather slaves. I'm 3'4", 150 lbs, brown hair, beard, mustache, top & bottom. Our interests are Bondage, Piercing, Nailing, FF, Wax, Shaving, T/T, C&B Torture, Whipping, W/S, Scat, etc. Likes within reason respected. Letter & Photo to Box 2874, Syracuse, NY, 13220.

### DIAPERED PIG

Seeks interested daddies in NY area for kinky toilet games in pig pen 5'6", 140 lbs, brown hair, hazel eyes. Have own stuff to share with right daddy. Box 1180, New York, NY 10158.

### NEW YORK ITALIAN SLAVE

W/m, 27, 135, 8", tight body and ass seeks large, hairy and hung BB, 200-250 lbs., who has unlimited power to enslave me into a total degraded state. Rough whites and Blacks only need apply. Send phone and order me chained up. Photo preferred, but not necessary. Box 2030.

Seek hung dominant (not S) white or younger female body slave or lover with obedient mouth, tongue, goodlooking, bearded, 48, W/m. Photo and phone preferred. Box 76, Brooklyn, NY 11230.

### POINTED TOE BOOTS

Young pig, 30, 5'7", 135 lbs., looking for cowboy with boots to fill my pointed toe holes. Will service them if they're in your bag. Also into toilet sex. No pain. If you're turned on, let's get it on. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 2038.

### BONDAGE TOYS

Libra, personable, intelligent, imaginative. W/m, late 40s, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'10", 155 lbs. Kinky over rigid restraint and prolonged bondage as a naked or outfitted victim, prisoner, slave. Dig ropes, chains, straps, leather, iron, steel wood, iron suspension, confinement, body shaving, mild C&B torture, some WS, CS, JO. No pain, though stuff, scat, heavy ass play. Have jail cell and equipment. Are there other W/m's like this interested in the equality of scene changing? Box 2039.

### TIGHT 501 LEVIS & SCAT

GWM 35, seeks young, 18-30, well built guys who like tight levis and will give scat. I service with a super hot rim job, BJ tongue bath, and body worship. Serious only please. Syracuse, New York Area, JIM [315] 636-0880.

**NEW YORK** W/m, 5'11", 145 lbs. Wants to meet young Horny Studs who do wearing and fucking in high boots. Photo appreciated. Write to: P.O. Box 1061, New York, NY 10028.

### HOT & HUMPY

**NEW YORK** Hot & Humpy? 18-30? Want best head in town? Privacy in East Side pad. Man to Man. No fags. Photo and phone gets action. Box A29, New York, NY 10272.

### TOTAL SLAVES WANTED:

**GREENWICH VILLAGE** Experienced S, W/m, Taurus, 47, 5'9", 172 lbs., cut, shaved head, strong Leather Master seeks total from slaves for long, hot session. Must have endurance, crave slow torture, punishment in chains. Medium, hairy S/M, B&D, W/S, etc. No Scat. If you're a real MAN/slave, white submissive, growling letter now. No fets, fags, fets. Box 185R.

### MUSCULAR TORTURE SLAVE WANTED

NEW YORK, 35, 5'4", Blonde with 6'8" Slave, 31, will train additional attractive, muscular torture slave. Send detailed application with photo. Box 873.

### 10 INCH COCK

**CHICAGO** Black male, 5'6", 175 lbs., 10 inch Dick into Leather boots, chains, scat, piss. Hot candle wax. Veg Fucking European exp. for weekend trip to New York. Possible relationship. New York replies Only. Box 1530.

### DISCIPLINE

**NEW YORK CITY** Tall, very handsome muscular, masculine BB, Topman Master. W/m, 26, 6'1", 180 lbs., uncut. Hot. Requires submissive slaves (young Athletic types) for 30+ for obedience training, B&D, domination, degradation, spanking, body worship, servitude, and respectful letter detailing your respect and discipline experience & photo no. Picture preferred. To: P.O. Box 63, Kew Gardens Sta., NY 11415.

### WANTED

**NEW YORK CITY** Hot young muscular (18-35) Topman, with big fat uncut cock and balls. (Hump like a horse). Also guys with balls the size of oranges, that games. Fucking, ass play, FF, and need good HOT SERVICE. I'm super goodlooking W/m, 38, 5'9", 165 lbs., short blond hair, blue eyes. Masculine. Send photo. Box 1560.

**WANTED:** Young man with forceful personality to help older man cope with financial drifter. Brooklyn area. Box 1805.

### SPANKINGS

**NEW YORK CITY** Spankings given or received by W/m, 25, Student, with strap or paddle. Send descriptive letter and photo if possible. Box 1528.

### NOVICE

**NEW YORK** W/m, 36, 160 lbs., novice, wishes training as slave. Will consider permanent slavery. Need help, Sir, to learn to obey without question and accept treatment gratefully. Prefer tall and strict no-nonsense master. Box 1421.

**QUEENS, NYC** Mature M, Scorpio bottom man, 57+, 145 lbs., hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy tit/two. FF Ws, Scat, Jocks, straps, hairy bodies, black beards, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny blondes. Box 308.

**BUFFALO** W/m, 42, 6'1 1/2", 174 lbs., uniforms, leather, levis. Novice, but wants to learn. Will answer all, travel. Box 715.

**EXTREMELY HANDSOME**  
**NEW YORK** 26, Handsome, 41". Hairy Chest, 30" Waist, 170 lbs. Muscular, defined butt. Seeks same, any race. Photo a must. Travel NY & CA. Occupant, Box 397, New Haven, CT 06510.

#### BOOT SEX

**NEW YORK** Hot, hunky stud wants others for all kinds of foot gear sex. S.M., B&D, 35", S, P, poppers. Exchange. Box 1573.

#### FOR EXPERTS ONLY

**NEW YORK CITY VILLAGE** W/m, 5'8", 130 lbs. The best piece of ass on the East Coast. For experts only. Voluntarily not sonic. Wants a more perfectly functioning tube. Can be stuffed at both ends. Not a submissive, but a participant. Long term chemical fuck prefer to avoid scat scenes, fats, opera queens in black Leather and whole sameness in general. Bored by blueprints. I salivated over the Joyce A.K. amputee ad in issue 42. P.O. Box 476 NYC. NY 10011. Pics answered first.

#### ATTENTION NEW YORK SLAVES

You are muscular, youthful and hot with a genuine need to belong to a 6'. Blond, 35 year old muscular Leather Master. You will be second Slave and learn to love pain and torture and will submit to heavy and creative S&M, B&D, etc. You generally don't answer ads but not wanting to miss the opportunity to serve this Master you will send your detailed application and photo. Box 673.

#### ORGYS

**HUDSON VALLEY-WESTERN CONN.** All guys in the area into hot kinky sex (FF, W/S, J/O, Tit and ball torture, piercing, bondage, voyeurism, etc). Let's see if we can get some orgys going. Write Shoales, P.O. Box 24, Amenia, NY 12501.

#### SEX-AGENARIAN!

Libra, M, 6'3", 170 lbs., mid-60s, white haired, blue eyes, man of distinction type. Would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race, who enjoys imaginative games with older man. Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X.

**MANHATTAN** S, 35, 6'4", blonde. Have 6'3" muscular slave, 30. Am accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M B&D and video taping. If you are young, muscular, and attractive, send photo with qualifications at once. Box 452.

#### PIGGY RAUNCH

Versatile W/C Cheltenham, W/m, Scorpion, 33, 5'7", 145 lbs., cut, for uninhibited scenes. Heavy ass play (FF), L/L, W/S, scat, jocks, sweat, oil shavings, t/c, torture, boots and socks with real creative men into role switching. Willing to explore new realms. No overweights or fats. Beards a plus. Include photo and scene. Box 703.

**CAPITOL DISTRICT W/m, 5'8 1/2"**: 170 lbs, thick beard, masculine, muscular and into rough leather sex. Have slave who will be used in sessions. Write with photo. Box B55.

**NEW YORK** W/m, 28, 155 lbs., 6' Needs BB to 35 years to take and train my young Italian slave. Send photo & phone. Box 1334.

**NEW YORK** W/m, 30, well built muscleman with hair dice, hairy jock, hairy chest, full beard, sweat江山, good body wants to pump up around a stud guy. Esp. fat, bald, swarthy guys in tight pants and over hanging body. I want to smell your crotch, feel up your ass and humo my hard dick against your gut. Box 1330.

**NEW YORK W/m, 35, 5'8", 186 lbs., 6' cut, medium build, seeks help to reach fulfillment as slave. Need strict but understanding Master to bring out ability to serve with body and mind. Not into scat or injury. Box 80.**

**TATTOOED & PIERCED** 43, 6'3", 165 lbs., interested in open, masculine W/m, 30-50, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452.

**NEW YORK CITY - MOTHER WANTED**

by M 30, German, 5'4", guy into boots, uniform, N/S, SS, SM, B&B, Leather, way out verbal trips, have good earnings want to share with big Husky man any age over 190 lbs. Must be mean and street wise, cops, construction or. Box 1324.

**NOVICE BLOND MASTER**

Lat, slim, goodlooking, Hung, Mid 20s, requires totally submissive slave(s) for experimental bondage and training as dog slave. You will strip, perform, beg to serve and obey in or out of bondage. No heavy pain trips. Limits respected, just Humiliation, degradation and servitude. Especially like Latin or Italian types but all goodlooking young slaves considered. Also like to hear from other Masters. Box 1321.

**ATTENTION:** All husky, smooth skinned, collegiate type bottoms, opportunity to serve and submit to my hot, football super jock master while I watch and worship. Expect heavy bondage, light S&M. Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience and limits, if any. Photo preferred. Southern Connecticut location. Box B31.

**NY MASTER** 35, 6', 190 plus lbs., with toys and good bar contacts seeks young, well built, smooth guy for serious scenes (or just as an escort leather socials). Box 2008.

Genitals attached to 6', 165 lbs., mid-40s scumbag and toilet. Seek intense daytime torture from severe pain maker. Alligators, needles, vice, ice, catheters, straps. Balls available with or without individual agony locks. Box 2007.

**PUPPY SEEKS BULLDOG**

Hair Italian, 25, 5'9", 175 solid lbs., seems best behaved but needs to enjoy a brutal dog collared slave. Seek stocky, chunky, 5'7" to 10'1", 180 to 225 lbs., dominante who groove on service. Write with photo (returned) to: P.O. Box 3058, Church Street P.O., NY, NY 10006.

**NEW YORK CITY W/m, 28, 5'7", 140 lbs.** Clean shaven, imaginative, seeks to be controlled by a Dominant top. I have a lot to learn and would like to meet someone with teaching ability. 25-40, Box 1370.

#### MASCULINE HUNG AND DOMINANT

**BROOKLYN** Attractive W/m, 30s, masculine, hung, Dominant, stable & nice. Wants GWM who enjoys being Gr/Pass, good bugs (enough to hold on to) dominated, very affectionate devoted for perm. relationship. Photo/phone if possible. Will send mine. Box 5177, New York, NY 10163.

#### OBEYENT BODY SLAVE AVAILABLE

**NEW YORK CITY** Serious Bodybuilder, 5'9", 185 lbs., 28, goodlooking. Seeks strict supervision, piercing, military regimentation, dog discipline, body and mind ownership, by a Master who wants to be proud of his obedient body slave. Photo requested. SIR. Box 1493.

#### ATTRACTIVE EXPERIENCED SLAVE

**NEW YORK W/m, 31, 6'1", 185 lbs.** athletic body, intelligent and trendy needs young (18 plus), goodlooking, attractive, experienced slave. Wants experience imaginative & heavy S&M and total submission. Photo appreciated. Please write: Tom, Box 2001, Response Answering Service, 316 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10001 for prompt reply.

#### ROUGH HOUSE & RUCKUS

Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty Jocks. Especially UNCLUTTS. Send Photo: P.O. Box 1328, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017.

#### NEW YORK SLAVE

**W/M, 27, 5'9", 140 lbs.** Solid body needs forceful Men to work on my NEEB-ASS. Paddles, crops, whips. LB #37, 470 2nd Ave., New York, NY 10016.

#### NEW YORK CITY-HOT LOOKING

W/m, 36, seeks goodlooking men under 40 who like their balls worked over. Have interesting toys for our enjoyment. Reply only if you like the real thing. Box 1465.

**NEW YORK CITY 28, 5'8", 150 lbs., 42" Chest, 30" Waist.** Looking for a dominant, masculine, rugged sex partner, 30 years or older. Box 1464.

#### CREATIVE S&M WRESTLING

**HOT, BUILT, HUNKY ITALIAN,** 34, 5'8", 155 lbs. Ex-Prep. Grappler, wants to imagine, free style, developing dominating holds, moving into clever bear, oil, toys, C&B, Tit Torture. No hangups. Travel USA. Photo a must. Box 6186, Albany, NY 12206.

#### NEW YORK CITY AREA

**S&M WANT TO MEET OTHERS** into mutual satisfaction. Interest in Leather, Levi, Rubber, Jockstraps, Boots, Cock and Ball work, Tit work. Can top or bottom but prefer BOT/TOM. Love J/O, W/S, Sucking, Fucking. Box 1383.

#### GREENWICH VILLAGE M, 43, 5'8",

145 lbs, 5'10" Cut, White, warm, intelligent, level headed, bottom seeks imaginative, experienced, caring Macho Leather, Levi partner to help me discover and expand my limits. Your service, my pleasure. No Fats, Fems or fakes. Sensuality a plus. Box 1392.

#### NEW YORK W/m, 36, 160 lbs. Novice

wishes training as slave. Will consider permanent slavery. Need help Sir to learn to serve and obey without question and accept treatment gratefully. Prefer tall & strict no nonsense Master. Box 1421.

**SAM CLUB FORMING** New York City Area only. All ages welcome, write for free questionnaire and information. Occupant, 167 West 80th Street, Apt. 40, New York, NY 10024.

Wanna be stripped, gagged, chained, hoisted, shaved, polaroided, and worked over head to toes by mature, experienced Master? Send pic & personal data to Box A90.

#### FF RECEIVER

**NYC** W/m, 28, 5'4", 110 lbs., 7", needs scenes with 30s Leather FFA Master into calibrating pain, B&D, Shaving, toys, Photos, groups. Throw my ass in your sling. Box 1269.

#### NORTH CAROLINA

##### GOLDSBORO, NC/1-95 TRAVELERS

And hunk Leather and boot wearing dudes notice: Two Leather loving, boot worshipping men, looking for friends, and want to help others. Both versatile W/m's, 190 lbs and 180 lbs., 5'11" and 5'10". Harley riders. Looking for a pal under 30 to take care of. Phone, photo replies answered now. Rick & Larry, Rt. 2, Box 137, La Grange, NC 28551.

#### MASTER SEEKS OBEYENT SLAVES

For permanent life-long service. Want when I'm served. Call Randy (704) 324-1465 after 9:00 PM or all day Sunday. Or write 1305 Elizabeth Ave. S.E., Box 24, Hickory, NC 28601.

#### LEATHER HOT & TIGHT

Warm piss duds & gimp it! action & what's new. J/O, FF, PMS, SAM. Two NC hubs out for the tourist trade. Mid thirties, goodlooking opposites: smooth/hairy. His face in your ass. Your cock in mine. My hand in yours. Playroom for serious hunks. Bathrooms for yellow dogs. Basement for few. Visit the mountains, visit the Worlds Fair. Visit us. Box 1823.

If you are a dominate GWM, 18-27, well hung, slim, and looking for a relationship then we should get together. I'm GEM, 22, 5'8", 135 lbs. Will relocate for right one. Box 1810.

#### OHIO

##### SLIM NOVICE

23, Columbus desires manhandling, W/S, boots, handcuffs, verbal, etc, from understanding big brother. Write with picture and telephone. Box 1331.

#### BEAR

**CLEVELAND** Bear seeks very kinky cubs under 35 for possible relationship. Photo, phone. Box 1613.

**SIRI** W/m, 33, 5'11", 175 lbs, 7", cut, new to scene, seeks experienced Master for training. Box B24.

**DAYTON** S, 35, 5'11", 155 lbs., looking for part time slave, houseboy. Pay considered for the right guy who is as willing to work as play. Goodlooking, demanding, considerate master; the slave should have average looks, be under 30, and into the head trip as well as the physical. Box 678.

**COLUMBUS** SM, 32, 6', 180 lbs., 7", Aries, intelligent, professional, experienced. Seeks local friends 25-35. I'm into bondage, tit and C&B pain; have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo to: Box 20422, Columbus, OH 43220.

### CLEVELAND MACHO MEN

**CLEVELAND** Hot and horny W/M, 31, 6', 175 lbs, seeks Cleveland area hunk who are into cock sucking (A/P). Full body S&M and B&D, some W/S, J/O, MS and/or cheating. Real turn-on when a HOT STUD works on my Tits. Prefer aggressive and Dominant partners with muscular or slender bodies. Will REVERSE roles to submissive partners. No fats please. Reply with photo and phone to: Boxholder, P.O. Box 29293, Cleveland, Ohio 44129.

### CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER

Hot young white Master, 27, new to Cleveland, 6', 165 lbs., 8", exceptional mind, meat, looks, body, would like to meet hot, USA prime slaves and/or other masters in Cleveland area. Write with photo and phone to: SIR, Box 16416, Cleveland, Ohio 44116.

**MASTER WANTED** Age 30-45, by Novice in Dayton, Ohio. Should have average or nice body. Am Greek passive, needs a heavy, fat, bone-drinking. Willing to accept from right person. I am male, professional. Travel to Chicago and New York often. Box 1405.

**CINCINNATI** MS/SM, Plaques, 28, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", novice intelligent, seeks mutual satisfaction with friend, brother, lover, 18-40, into light S&M, no fats, fems. Box A79.

**CLEVELAND** MS, 28, 6', 170 lbs. swimmer's build. Did you like playing cowboys and Indians as a kid? I still do. I'm into wrestling, being captured and tied up to please my captor. If you like games, write to: Box 21192, Cleveland, OH 44121.

### BOOT FETISHISTS

Would like to meet and/or correspond with men into BOOT WORSHIP, Box 1476.

### HOT HORNY MASTER

Goodcooking heavy set Master 30, seeks slaves under 35, for training and punishment, limits respected and expanded. Box 1311.

**CINCINNATI** W/M 33, 160 lbs., br hair, bl eyes, beard, would like to meet guys 18-34, straight acting. I like music, bowling, walking in the woods, movies, nudity, action. NO B&D, S&M. Mick, 11388 LeBaron Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45241 (Box 17).

### OHIO COWBOY

Needs leather/levi master. Must be masculine and with a hairy body. Your photo gets mine. Write to: Box 388, Dalton, OH 44616.

### COCK WORSHIPER

W/m, 34, 6', 175 lbs., 8" cut, little body hair, works construction, drives Harley. Biggest cock is the boss. White: Box 1606, Station A, East Liverpool, OH 43920.

Leathermen, Bikers, Cycle Cops, Linemen, Cowboys: Pull on your boots and I'll be on my knees to be your boot dog. Box 48, Columbus, OH 43216.

### OKLAHOMA

**OKLA.** CITY—S, white, 44, 170 lbs., 5'10", muscular, wants young punk pig toilet slaves for any and all scenes. Except pain, humiliation, filth. If it isn't done right then you do over. No fats or fems. Box 1769.

### TULSA BOTTOM

33, 6'2", 175 lbs., wants macho top into hot FF, Greek. Dildoes and toys okay. Box 2021.

### TULSA BOTTOM

White, 5'2", 180 lbs., 33, 7½". Want horny, hairy, hung macho type to my ass, FF, toys, dildoes. Reverse roles for right burns. Letter, photo if possible. Box 1840.

**OKLA CITY** SM White, 43, 170 lbs., 5'10", good muscles, seeks willing hot men to 45 eager to learn and teach. Prefer top but can be willing bottom. Beginners welcome. Discret. No fats, reply with photo. Box A53.

### STILLWATER

Experienced Leather Master, 27, 5'8", 140 lbs, pinky blonde, trim beard, hot hairy muscular body, 8½" cut. Requires totally submissive slave(s) for service, training & discipline. Limits respected & expanded. Young, attractive applicants are ordered to apply with respectful letter, photo & phone. 158 S Monticello Dr., Stillwater, OK 74047.

### OREGON

#### HOT MEN WANTED

**PORTLAND** —34, 5'8", 175 lbs. Muscular, white, 8", 160 lbs. S. Beard & Moustache. Lessons for Hot, horny, construction worker, cowboys, truckers, troopers, cycle cops, mounted cops, firemen, who are not overly thin but have some hot meat on their bones, but not grossly fat. If you're into fucking, sucking, sweat, piss, jack straws, levis, leather and domination, beard, hair, tattoos, cut or uncut, you may contact me with a letter and photo (MUST BE NUDE) showing off your assets. No bikis, fems, dopers, heavy drinkers. Box 1584.

**PORTLAND** Bottom seeks dominant, aggressive top. Dig ass beating, humiliation, piss, spanking, toys, torture, kinky scenes. Am 31, 6'2", 185 lbs., goofbock. Box 624.

#### DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS

**NO NONSENSE LEATHER STUDMASTER** W/M, 30, 6'4", 190 lbs. Blonde/Blue."Bearded grants permission to all short/dark bearded W/m Suck Slaves to submit applications for full time live in permanent partner position of voluntary Board & Room Servitude. You will be stripped, shaved, ringed, collared and branded. Terms are mine. Training in cuffs and handballs. Am used as a discipline. Some affection. BB, B&D, W/S, TT, CBT, V/A, explore S&M. Only shock proof dudes, 21-35 need apply. Photo and frankness demanded. Box 1609.

### PORTLAND PIG

Hairy, M, 22, 5'10", 170 lbs., wants aggressive top help expand my limits into W/S, FF, Toys and want to learn more. Box 1336.

**PORTLAND HARLEY OWNER** W/m, 40, into boots, breeches, leather, rubber, wants to meet other big bikers within 500 miles of Portland. Box 1238.

**W/M, 24, NEED MY ASS** warmed up real good. Turn me over your knee and spank me with your hand or bend me over a chair or on the bed and let me have it with a paddle. Box 1253.

**PORTLAND BOTTOM** Slender, Bearded, Cuddler, 37, seeks Artistic Topman. Sensualist. Creative, into knots, Oil, many trips. Box 1259.

### TULSA BOTTOM

### LEATHER DUDE'

**PORTLAND** W/m, 39, 6'6", 190 lbs. Leather dude grants permission to all slaves to submit application for training, facts, and photo demanded. Likes considered, limits respected but expanded. Contact me by Masters Selection. Info write, N.W., P.O. Box 3241, Portland, OR 97208.

### HOT MAN READ DRUMBEATS

**WHITE**, 38, 6', Top, 180 lbs., into all S&M action. Build not important, action is. Limits respected. Box 1055, Medford, OR 97501.

Bottom wants FF. Piss, Bondage, expanded ball/tit torture, possible sex. Stat. W/m, 38, 6', 180 lbs. Box 2049.

### PENNSYLVANIA

**PHILADELPHIA** S, Aquarius, 45, 5'9", 165 lbs, white, 7", knowledgeable Master requires white slave under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, V/A, emas, in to work. Novice acceptable. Limits respected, expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo & phone to: P.O. Box 11095, Philadelphia, PA 19141, or DRUMMER BOX 209.

### WILKES BARRE

**S.**, Cancer, 43, 6', 170 lbs. White, 8", 160 lbs. Discipline, over 20 years military experience. Seeks prisoners for sex bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise, hard labor in chains, interrogation. Scene is of primary importance. Limits observed, beginners trained. No fats, Box 055.

### MUSCULAR & MASCULINE S

30, 6'1", 200 lbs., 8" cut, seeks instrument of suffering and service. You are a muscular straight appearing M who needs to submit to the abusive control of an understanding but strict and imaginative Master. Send your letter of submission with Photo to: Master Company, Box 1448, Scranton, PA 18510.

### PHILADELPHIA LEATHER MASTER

40s, White, 6'2", 190 lbs., masculine & hairy requires W/m slave 18-35, into S&M, B&D, W/S. Novices accepted. Limits respected & expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo & phone number. P.O. Box 11095, Phila, PA 19141.

### SCRANTON M

Gemini, 49, 5'6", 160 lbs., 6" uncut, seeks affectionate and imaginative Master who knows how to sensibly abuse an adventurous and willing slave. Any race okay. Box 2044.

### WELL DEFINED

nice looking masochist... who is free spirited yet certain kinds of 'ties' is looking for paradoxical paradise to find a good looking Master who is as good at kissing as he is at discipline. Somewhere there's a romantic candlelight setting with champagne all a flow, but who also is tops at letting infections go; taking that candle and letting it glow on a secret grommeh where secret desires are explored, while taken slow where the password is trust, while there is no word as taboo, ever, amongst the two of us. Box 2046.

**INITIATE ME** into the ritual of your fantasy. String me up in bondage, pierce me, flag me, torture me, torture my tits, cock, balls, fill my ass, piss in my face, let me suck your sweaty pits and worship your body, you control me. I am 21, 5'8", I am 6'1", 160 lbs, lean, with trimmed beard and moustache. Respect my limits while you expand them. Not into scat. Box A72.

### A SECRET SPOT

**YORK** A secret spot, a scorching summer sun. You and your buddy Sinister, surly, sturdy, strapping, shirtless studs. Me. Staked down and strung up, stripped and stretched spreadeagled. From you, a snicker. From your sidekick, a sneer. Serious stuff. Box 1618.

### HOUSEBOY ALIVE

Wanted for 1982 Summer at Jersey Shore. Kind master seeks helpful son. Beautiful living. Nothing kinky. Send photo and full personal details if you expect consideration, reply. Box 2037.

### PHILADELPHIA

MS, Cancer, 44, 6'2", White, weight lifter, 48" chest, 34" waist. Bondage (steel and leather), leathers, levis and motorcycle. Wants to expand all kinds of experiences. Box 2041.

**SCRANTON M**, Gemini, 49, 5'6", 160 lbs., 6" uncult, seeks affectionate and imaginative Master who knows how to sensibly abuse an adventurous and willing slave. Any race okay. Box 2044.

Well defined nice looking masochist... who is free spirited yet certain kinds of 'ties' is looking for paradoxical paradise to find a good looking Master who is as good at kissing as he is at discipline. Somewhere

there's a romantic candlelight setting with champagne all a flow, but who also is tops at letting infections go; taking that candle and letting it glow on a secret grommeh where secret desires are explored, while taken slow where the password is trust, while there is no word as taboo, ever, amongst the two of us. Box 2046.

### "SLAVE SOUGHT"

**PHILADELPHIA** Goodcooking, 30, 6'4", 230 lbs., Muscular, masculine, S. You are Hunky, Hung, M, who needs creative abusive Master to control mind and body. Photo with letter of submission will be offered to: Master's Co. II, Box 3953, Philadelphia, PA 19146.

### WEIGHT LIFTER

**PHILADELPHIA**, M, Cancer, 43, 6'2", 210 lbs, white, 7" cock, Masculine Weightlifter with 43" chest, 34" waist. Leather/levi motorcyclist, completely, and I mean completely. Bondage and other good times with masculine partners desired. Box 23.

### ATTENTION

**PHILADELPHIA AREA WHITE TRUCKERS** Put me in your cab on weekends & I will take you to Paradise. WRITE to Joe Box 1232/1324 Locust St., Phila, PA 19107.

### "STRAIGHT RAZOR SHAVING"

**PHILADELPHIA AREA** Master shaver's straight razor is available to make your shave as close as possible. Trim the top of your head (if possible) down to your nuts and asshole. A respectful request for a possible appointment including SASE and frontal nude will be considered. Box 1553.

## RHODE ISLAND

### OBEYENT SLAVE

**PROVIDENCE** Long, lean bi-sex stud  
digs other shit-together men who  
know what they like and have balls  
enough to ask for it. Am tired of quick  
sex and bull shit. Dug old fashioned  
handsome men to man sex. When two  
men respect, trust, and are comfortable  
with each other, sex goes. A man  
should give me what a woman  
cannot. Man smells, Man tastes good  
and good deep man sounds. Like it long  
and slow with an honest buddy who  
knows he needs his mind and soul  
fucked more than his body. It's plain  
good to proudly share what you have  
with a man worthy of it. Prefer uncut,  
like me, with low hanging balls. If 41  
years, 6'155 lbs., 7% greyling black  
hair, beard, moustache sounds good  
to you, get in touch. Am planning a  
West Coast trip the summer of 1981.  
Box 61.

**W/M, 30, 5'6", 140 lbs., into interro-**  
gation fantasies, enjoy giving and  
receiving pain to the balls, exchange  
info, ideas and photo. Box 2024.

### FANTASIES FILLED

**WANNA SPEND A COLD NIGHT**  
WITH A HOT MAN?  
READ DRUMBEATS

## SOUTH CAROLINA

### SUGGESTIONS, SIR?

28, 6', 170 lbs., Brn/Grn, 6", inexp-  
tial, eager to learn. Have fantasies for  
1001 nights. Box 1406.

M, 25, white, 5'10", 145 lbs., into fuck-  
ing and fist fucking (receive), piss,  
S&M (whipping, tilt & ball torture),  
bondage (spreadeagling, gags),  
domination, verbal abuse, leather,  
levis, boots. Seeks meetings, corres-  
pondence with aggressive Tops,  
Masters in USA, Europe, Canada,  
Australia. Box 288.

## TENNESSEE

**TENNESSEE** Long, lean bi-sex stud  
wants a Slave(s), any part of the  
country. Especially California, any  
race, under 50 but most important all  
young guys under 25 who realize they  
were born slaves and need a Master  
to show them what a slave is and how to serve and obey his MASTER.  
If my slave disobeys me in any way, he'll know punishment and torture and what a slave is. If you have no desire to serve a MASTER, don't write. No tems, phonies. Photo of you  
and if you're worthy, will get one of  
me. Box 1548.

**W/M, 30, 5'6", 140 lbs., into interro-**  
gation fantasies, enjoy giving and  
receiving pain to the balls, exchange  
info, ideas and photo. Box 2024.

**MEMPHIS** Hot bottom man (not fem)  
would like to meet hot horny top men  
for fun in Memphis. I'm 5'7", 150 lbs.,  
35" uncut with nice white hot ass.  
Would like to meet white men, 20-40,  
masculine, well built, hairy, well  
hung, who know how to take charge  
of the action! Anything goes for right  
man. Phone or address. Nude photo  
will get mine. Box 2012.

## TEXAS

**RED-NECK FIGHTER**  
whipping from imaginative tops,  
Sleazy action and long hot sessions.  
**DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!**

**EL PASO SLAVE(S)** required to ser-  
vice military topmen. Should accept  
shaving, prolonged bondage and  
moderate discipline. Age unimpor-  
tant, attitude is. Box 256.

## CHAIN GANG

Need a round and raunchy dude to  
make me work chain gang fantasy.  
Force hard labor, rough treatment,  
dirt, strict discipline. Like to hear real  
details of work gangs, real  
experiences. Details and photo gets mine. Can  
travel. Box 1314.

### RASSLIN'

Young, hot, muscular stud, 5'7", 140  
lbs., seeks jocks for rasslin'. Box B28.

### SON/HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Small and tender who seeks permanent  
secure relationship with W/m, 50,  
5'10", 285 lbs., demanding but loving,  
if earned. Phone (214) 586-2162.  
No collect calls, please.

### FISTING BUDDIES SEEK 3RD

Use bottoms for hard fucking, FF,  
rimming, sling and dildo action.  
Enjoy all night, all day scenes. Both  
top and bottom, ready to play! Box  
66893, Houston, TX 77266-6893.

**HOUSTON** 28, muscular, bearded,  
novice slave seeks straight acting,  
sports watching, hard working, blue  
collar master. Tools and truck, stink,  
cuss, slap, spit, humiliation, disciplinary  
discipline. Box 2018.

**GRAHAM** 28, 5'9", 140 lbs., bottom  
needs playmate(s) or pen pals).  
Interests: W/S, FF, C/B, B/D, and  
Toys. One good picture deserves  
another. Box 1440.

**BEEVILLE** Good top looking for  
good bottom. Masculine S, W/m, 36,  
5'10", 150 lbs., bearded, hairy, mu-  
scular. Be my weekend slave. I enjoy  
remote weekend camping trips. I  
have 4-wheel drive & boat. You must  
be 18-40, submissive, slender. Let's  
find out what turns your lights on.  
Box 1317.

## EAGER TO LEARN

**HOUSTON AREA** W/m, 32, 5'9", 150  
lbs., willing to do anything for some-  
one who will teach and train. Like  
moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy  
chests and legs. Box 386.

### HOUSTON MASTER

45, W/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., gentle but firm, accepting  
masculine, well proportioned, obedi-  
ent, willing to learn. Inexperience  
OK, you will be trained. Reasonable  
limits respected. Write sincere, confi-  
dential letter. Ask what questions  
you have NOW and include photo.  
Permanent live-in possible. I can  
travel. Box 633.

**AUSTIN** W/M, 36, 5'8", 145 lbs.,  
bearded, into cut/uncut, light S&M,  
L/L, jockstraps, gym shorts, FF, ball  
fucking, dildoes, total ass involvement.  
Will try uniforms, W/S, B&D, slave  
role fags, fems, scat, blood,  
torture, or marks. Can be Top, bot-  
tom, mutual. Photo, phone gets  
immediate reply. Box 751.

**DALLAS** 41 and out for kinky fun.  
Top guy 5'8", 130 lbs., nice looking.  
No scat, no fems, but lots of c/b, tilt,  
and ass play, spankings, bondage  
and W/S. Enclose photo. 18 to 45,  
white only. Box 987.

**HUNKY ORIENTAL** 27, seeks a slave  
or Master into piercing, bondage,  
shaving, ball play and more. Must be  
muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box  
864.

**FT. WORTH SM**, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs., 7"  
uncut, German, Aquarius, is looking  
for slave. Should be knowledgeable,  
clean, not into drugs, interested in  
motorcycles, uniforms, boots, and  
leather. Not into FF, scat, W/S. Box  
0580.

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**DALLAS SUBMISSIVE** Hot, thirsty guy seeks men into piss, J/O, spit, verbal abuse, and dirty fantasies. Enclose phone number. Box 1376.

**DALLAS, EAGER PUPIL OF SAM,** B/D, W/M, leather, body shaving. Am 5'7", 140 lbs., 42. Seeks firm, gentle, knowledgeable Teachers and Masters. Small endowment but large desire and capacity to learn, service, pleasure and obedience. Box 1396.

**DALLAS 5'8", 150 lbs.,** 27 years old, likes to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular captor for total fight, prolonged bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box 734.

#### UTAH

##### 2 HOT LEATHER BOTTOMS

**SALT LAKE CITY** Two hot Leather Lever bottoms, mid 40s & 50s. Likes sex, sex, sex. No oral. Instruction by hot. Top any age who is experienced and creative teacher. Use bottoms for hard fucking, W/S, FF, rimming. Enemas. Any intense long lasting scene, except heavy pain, drugs, scat. Box 1610.

#### VIRGINIA

##### MY FANTASY

**ARLINGTON** The sticky heat of the night hangs in the air. As my car tops the hill, a blurred figure can be seen in the distance. Hips thrust forward, his thumb is extended. Then I notice he is completely nude. Could this be you? Box 1601.

##### DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS



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#### VIRGINIA MASTER

MASTER, 33, 6', 115, seeks partner into weekend B&D, S&M, domination. Limits respected. Confidentiality expected and assured. Apply with photo. Those with phone answered first. Travel East Coast often. Box 1575.

#### MAKE ME BEG FOR IT

**NORTHERN VIRGINIA** Young cock sucker needs verbal abuse from young hung men. Tease me, make me beg for it. Box 1851.

#### WASHINGTON

**SEATTLE AREA** FF Top or Bottom looking for good times. Have a sweet ass that's been trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys, into uniforms (if you know what I mean). Am not for Truckers, cowboys and Leathermen. Am 5'11", 165 lbs. With 9" of hard meat. Box 1442.

#### HUNG STUD

**SEATTLE** 23, MUSCULAR, HUNKY into Water Sports. Send Photo to Box 1429.

#### WANTED

**SEATTLE** Love slave wanted, should not have limits, however pain will be a very minor element. Prefer young skin, white. I am W/M, 31, 170 lbs., 6'3". Box 1345.

#### CIGAR SMOKERS

Hot muscular man, mid 30s, who smokes and gets turned on to cigars wants contact with men of same interest. Will be starting an organization for cigar smokers soon. Box 20604, Seattle, WA 98102.

#### DIRTIE LITTLE BUTCH PIG

Loves to be chased through woods while nude and blindfolded. Send your wondest fantasy and you'll get mine. Photo a must. Box 20843, Seattle, WA 98102.

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#### NEED WORKOUT

**SEATTLE** B&D, No S&M, Into chips, speedo, jocks, harness. Need work out partner for weight lifting. White, 50, 190 lbs., looking for similar. Box 861.

#### GOOD LOOKING WHITE BEGINNER

**SEATTLE** 6', 145 lbs., 19, looking for Trainer. Like Bikers, Leathermen, and Loggers. Big Boots and lotsa leather a plus. Willing to try anything once. Age and looks not important but prefer big and hairy. Your photo gets mine. All letters answered. Box 1544.

#### RASSLIN'

6'2", 188 lbs., lookin' for some athletic competition in Seattle. Collegiate, pro, submission, no-holds-barred. I'll take ya on. Only serious, sweaty jocks need reply. Let's go a few rounds and get down. Box 815.

#### WEST VIRGINIA

**HARRIS FERRY** 32, 6', 160 lbs., 10' cut. Looking for W/M, 18-35, muscular and hairless preferred, nice ass, who wants his tits worked over. Box 736.

#### WISCONSIN

**MILWAUKEE** W/M, 28, 6'1", 170 lbs., 10', seeking Master, Lover relationship with W/M, 18-29 yrs. Must be patient and understanding as I am new to this scene. Will answer all with frank letter. State your demands and send with photo to Box 973.

**MILWAUKEE** M, 5'9 1/4", 145 lbs., white, hairy chest, novice, needs instruction in B&D, W/S, M/S, etc. from Master who will show me my limits and respect them and teach me my role. No heavy drugs, fats, fems, scat. Photo greatly appreciated. Box 837.

#### LEATHER GROUP TO TRAIN

**MILWAUKEE** Leather group to train men in the young pink stage. Captured, Manhandled, felt up, Wrestled, forced to submit to your cock's need. Need light burns, lips fucked by gang rape. Eager to learn but respect my limits. No FF, B&D, Scat, Pis. I'm 32, 150 lbs., 6'. Send letter of what you'd like to do with me with photo. Prefer 40 to 60 year olds. Will answer all letters. Box 1616.

#### WYOMING

##### LOOKING FOR MACHO PARTNER

With 9" to 12" who wants to retire to the country. Spend a week or a lifetime riding, fishing, camping and screwing. Will take care of all needs. Send photo and frank letter to Box A43.

#### NATIONWIDE

##### BLACKS/WHITES

Asians, Hispanics nationwide (415) 431-0458.

##### SILICONE

Young, well hung, goodlooking, uncult man wants to meet the doctor. Motive: Self gratification. Absolute discretion assured. References if necessary. Can travel. Box 2005. Others with experience invited to correspond, meet.

##### MUSCULAR BODYBUILDERS

Wanted by muscular bodybuilder, hairy chested, 30, 5'11", 165 lbs., uncut 7". If you live between Chicago and West Coast, I'm headed your way. Summer of '82. Let's pump iron and cock, J/O, suck and fuck together. No commitment, just an afternoon of hot man to man action. Send letter with nude photo to: Box 2006.

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#### MARK IV

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**MAIL ORDER NOTICE**  
The California law now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business will be conducted. To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

### ACTION SPORTS LETTER

Receive different personalized stud jock letter each month with you as an active participant. Wrestle, Box, Fight, etc. State over 21, \$25/yr. Sample: \$4. Dave's Computer Service, 1147 E. Broadway, Dept. 1870, Glendale, CA 91205.

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**W/M, 55, 5'10", 160 lbs, blond, slim built, into Mind S/M, B&D, wish to meet with 18-25 yr olds. Small or medium builds. Living in London-Ontario area. Phone and photo answer. Pete, P.O. Box 1962, St. A., London, Ontario, CANADA N6A 5J4.**

**VANCOUVER ARTIST** 34, seeks chunky men 18-35 to submit to creatively posed photo sessions in exchange for photos & or Possible pay. Send Photo & Particulars to: Jim, Box 1397.

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Do anything for Master, like drinking piss, sit on my face, tie me up, or whatever to please the Master the most. Also, I like wrestling holds. Send photo, name and address to: Mike, Box 2035.

W/m, now to Drummer scene, 37', 165 lbs., seeks patient, masculine Master (30-47) to teach him. Considered goodlooking, nice buns. Enjoys being thoughts of jock straps, leather, dirty talk, face sitting, W/S, and being fucked slowly in the mouth. No fems, no fats. Photo appreciated. Box 2040.

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**LONDON & YORKSHIRE** S, 5'9½", 150, 180 lbs., would like to meet visitors to Britain. Very experienced master. Box 557.

**SM** 45, 5'11", 6" cut, imaginative, wide range of interests, willingness. Box 359.

### WANT CALIFORNIA SLAVES

**LONDON** MASTER, 31, 6'2", 160 lbs. Bearded. Hung. Seeks Hot southern California Slaves during vacation. You are 18-40, sound skinned, with hungry asshole, into Fist Fucking, C&B Torture, TT, W/S, and being Whipped. Those offering overnight accommodations can reply on same Box 1496.

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**COLOGNE**, 36, 78 cm, 84 kg, uncut, hairy leather guy and biker, seeks 18-35 for leather sex and piss. Box 1285.

**LUXEMBOURG** Novice needs training. W/m, 33, 183 cm, 75 kg, prefers beards, moustaches, country life. Box 628.

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EVER WILL... HE WAS  
LIKE A GOD TO ME... KIND,  
PATIENT... A GENTLE  
GIANT... EVERY THING  
A FATHER  
SHOULD BE.

I WAS BORN IN THE CITY... THEN DAD LOST  
HIS JOB AND WE MOVED OUT WEST...  
BOUGHT A FARM... WITH A BIT OF LAND...  
DAD WORKED HIS ASS OFF TO MAKE IT PAY.  
MOM WAS UNHAPPY... ALWAYS FINDING  
FAULT... SHE WASN'T CUT OUT FOR THE ROUGH  
LIFE. I'VE WONDERED WHY SHE MARRIED HIM.

THINGS WERE  
NOT HAPPY  
WITH THEIR SEX  
LIFE. THOUGH I  
DIDN'T KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
THAT IN THOSE  
DAYS...

NO, JOHN!  
YOU ARE TOO  
BIG... YOU  
HURT  
ME!

HE WAS BUILT LIKE A  
HORSE... SHE WOULDN'T  
LET HIM NEAR HER... HOW HE  
MANAGED TO SIRE ME ON HER  
I NEVER KNEW...

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F'FUCK'S  
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THAT VILE  
LANGUAGE IN  
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FATHER IS? GET  
AWAY... DON'T TOUCH  
ME... YOU AND  
YOUR DISGUSTING  
DEMANDS  
REVOLT ME...

...AND THIS  
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DREADFUL PLACE...  
MILES FROM ANY-  
WHERE... MY  
FRIENDS

MARY...  
PLEASE...  
DON'T...

LEAVE  
ME ALONE...  
GET OUT!

WHY THE  
SUDDEN CHANGE,  
MARY? YOU  
COULDN'T GET  
ENOUGH OF ME  
ONE TIME!

... ALWAYS  
AFTER MY COCK... THE  
PRIM MISS JONES ...  
COCK MAD...

NOW,  
SUDDENLY, MY  
PRICK'S NOT GOOD  
ENOUGH FOR YOU!  
... FOUND A MORE  
WELL-BRED ONE?  
ONE THAT DOESN'T  
SMELL OF  
SWEAT?

...NO!  
NO!... IT'S  
BECAUSE I'VE  
FOUND OUT YOU  
GO WITH MEN!  
MEN! YOU, YOU  
DISGUSTING,  
VILE...

WHAT!

OK...  
HOW DO YOU  
THINK ALL THE BILLS  
GOT PAID? WHERE DO  
YOU THINK I GOT THE MONEY  
TO PAY FOR ALL YOUR CLOTHES,  
THE KIDS SCHOOL?.. HEY?  
...I FUCKED FOR MONEY!..  
...I SCREWED FOR CASH...  
THIS COCK HAS  
EARNED A LOT...  
FOR YOU!



WE WALKED THE FIVE MILES TO THE RAIL STATION. I REMEMBER LOOKING BACK MANY TIMES TO THAT SILENT FIGURE...

IT WAS SOME YEARS BEFORE I SAW HIM AGAIN.. I WROTE TO HIM OFTEN, BUT PA WASN'T A WRITING MAN AND HIS REPLIES WERE SELDOM... THEN NOT AT ALL! OUR NEXT MEETING WAS REALLY SOMETHING! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT SOMEDAY. REMIND ME!

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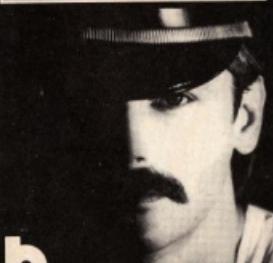
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### COP INITIATION

Police and firemen in a Canadian town may have tied up a fellow officer, smeared him with Vaseline and molasses, locked him in a jail cell and then taken him to an orgy in a public bar where he was forced to perform as part of his initiation into the ranks of 'straight, married cophood.'

According to published reports, over 30 officers participated in this 'stag' party for a young policeman who was about to be married. Three nude dancers were hired by the group to perform "acts of gross indecency" on the young officer, according to the Quebec Police Force. Witnesses in the bar filed the complaints that have led to this still-ongoing investigation.

We don't blame them, we'd complain too if a pack of policemen came into our bar carrying a nude man covered with Vaseline and molasses. You can't have decent brachioptic eroticism with molasses, it sticks to the hairs on your arm!

# Tough Shit

### BIG BROTHER DAY CARE

Myrtle Mathena, a 47-year-old mother who runs a sort of private day care center in New York State, has been charged by the Ulster County Grand Jury with seven counts of "Endangering the Welfare of a Child" for allowing the children in her charge, with their parent's permission, to run around the house in the nude. Ms. Mathena has been known as a practicing nudist for the past decade. The charges did not stem from a parental complaint, but originated with the Grand Jury, who had been probing alleged "child pornography." Evidence leading to the indictments included photographs taken at Christmas of the children sitting nude around a Christmas tree.

Complaints have arisen that District Attorney Donald A. Williams Jr. threatened the children who were under Ms. Mathena's care—threatening them with arrest, jail or reform school if they did not agree to testify that the day care center was the headquarters for a kiddie-porno-ring.

With 1984 only two years away, we are beginning to wonder...

### THE ULTIMATE RELIGIOUS TRACT

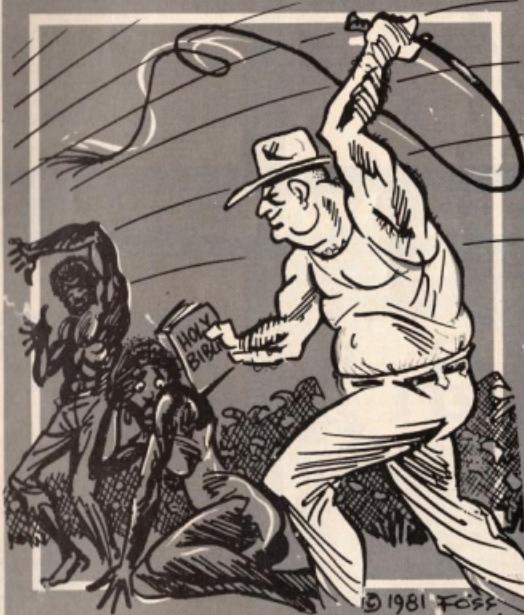
Is this for real, or is this the ultimate parody of the religious tract? We don't know, but when this little jewel came to us, we laughed through two orgasms, a whipping, a branding, and six tit-piercings. Here's just a few quick excerpts from the three page text:

*In the Satanically-fostered confusion of our age, most people view slavery as a horrible violation of "human rights." We learn from the Holy Bible, however, that slavery is part of God's wonderful plan for our lives!*

*The Bible says in Leviticus 25:44-46 that God told (the Jews):*

*"As for your male and female slaves whom you may have: You may buy your male and female slaves from among the nations around you... You may bequeath them to your sons after you, to inherit as a possession forever."*

## DOES GOD FAVOR SLAVERY?



Now what church has had the courage to tell you the wonderful truth about God favoring slavery? Is not Word of Truth Ministries the only church which had dared to speak out, while the Catholics, Baptists, Mormons and other so-called 'Christian' churches have remained silent in the face of the Liberal-Communist-Satanic LIE about slavery being evil?

The Word of Truth Ministries is located in Sheridan, Wyoming—and like all religious tracts, this one has a spot on the back where you can order more copies of this wonderful message from 'God' to pass out to your friends, neighbors or leave in bus station T-rooms.

# FOLSOM ST. HOTEL

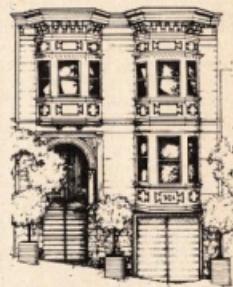
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Dear Larry,

As most of those who bought your books and incorporated your suggestions into their actions and relationships are now senior citizens, this should be of interest to you, as you, Payne, Goldstein (sic), Isherwood, Renslow (of Chicago), etc., are all in the spurned category so far as the "kids" who crud up the bars are concerned.

The census tells us that there will be more and more of us in the next 20 years and fewer and fewer of those between 25 and 45, so we represent the wave of the immediate future. (An ad from Gay Chicago was enclosed: How About A Club For Senior Citizens—65 plus—).

Unsigned, Chicago

Dear Unsigned Senior,

Although I must agree with you in the feeling that the Gay Community should do more for its older members, I find your logic somewhat muddy, and must take issue with your initial premise. 1) Except for Chris Isherwood, none of the people you mention has even reached the age of 55—let alone 65—and several are considerably younger than that. Chris was of another generation, but still highly respected by hets as well as by his own people. 2) By "Goldstein" I assume you mean David Goldstein, the owner of the Advocate. I'm not sure of David's age, although I know he is many years short of the senior category. One of the strong criticisms aimed at him has been his insisting on using "under 35's" to staff his publication. 3) I do not find any of us "spurned" by the younger guys. "Ignored" might be a better term, mostly because they'd rather do it than read about it. Still, I find myself in correspondence with a number of younger guys—also interacting with them sexually. I would say they make up 25% of my mailing list—not disproportionate for their numbers in the general population. 4) We all grow older, but you must remember that in talking about the seniors of tomorrow you are also talking about the juniors of today. As these "kids" of whom you are so contemptuous continued to ripen they are not going to lose all of their present values. 5) Frankly, I do not feel that any of the people you mention, involved in the mainstream of gay leather-SM, are out of step at all... not yet. A couple, of course, have nothing to do with our scene at all. They're just growing older, like all the rest of us.

Dear Larry,

I really enjoyed your Handbook and was pleased to see you advising not to turn off older guys. Since I'm older that's beautiful advice. But how old is

# THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

too old? I'm 60, fairly well built, and enjoy being dominated and having to serve. I guess I look like a cop, so I turn young studs off—or intimidate them physically. I know at 60 I have a number of physical limitations, but understand a tough Master shouldn't necessarily require much strenuous physical activity.

Anyway, what I'm writing to ask regards the possibility of my either observing or actually being slave-trained when I visit the West Coast later this year. I see ads in Drummer and the Advocate that imply scenes along these lines, but I've been reluctant to call because of age (plus an innate aryness). What do you think? Can you advise or help?

Bob, Florida

Dear Bob,

I'm printing your letter (slightly condensed) because it is typical of quite a few I receive, and I'm placing it after the grumpy senior because it seems to fit. I'm afraid, to be completely honest with you, I do feel that 60 is a bit advanced to be starting out in SM activities, especially if you're looking for bottom action. This is not to say you won't find it in an area where there is more going on, but you're going to have to overcome your shyness. If you look like a cop, this might be the thing that will turn people on. Why don't you emphasize it with a bit of uniform trapping? As to commercial sex—either to watch or participate—who's to say? Most of the people offering these services are complete duds, and ought to be fined for false advertising. A few, however, will turn out to be everything they claim to be. I can't make specific recommendations—first, because I don't know. Secondly, if I got into pimping they'd put me away for sure!

Dear Mr. Townsend:

I recently bought a copy of your Leatherman's Handbook, 3rd edition, in London. I enjoyed it very much until I came to the end, and found that a number of references made to "things to come" were, indeed, not forthcoming. For instance, you mention glossaries, which are non-existent, plus some kind of questionnaire. Did I purchase a defective copy, or did you cut down the later editions without deleting the references to expurgated portions? I would be curious to know, since the work was otherwise quite stimulating.

Bruce, Sussex (England)

Dear Bruce,

You are only one of several people to write me about this same problem. I have obtained a copy of the questionnable edition, and find that there is a rip-off, printed in England, being sold there and on the Continent. You can tell the phony because it has 246 pages, whereas the original has 315, plus some ads. Sorry, but there isn't much I can do about the fast buck artists. Although I know who's doing it, I unfortunately do not know anyone in England who breaks legs.

Dear Larry,

Do you think I could be hassled by local authorities for wearing my new "Chips" (California Highway Patrol) uniform on the East Coast? Though I don't intend to flaunt it, would I be breaking any laws?

Jim, Pennsylvania

Dear Jim,

My legal advisor tells me that the only law he knows of (or can think of) pertaining to your situation would be "impersonating an officer" (assuming, of course, that you are not going to the extent of wearing a gun). It would depend on the specific wording of your local ordinance, since most of these laws were written with the intent of preventing someone from impersonating a local law enforcement officer. Many times they didn't think about someone wearing an out of state costume just for the fun of it, and therefore did not write the law tightly enough to make it a crime (misdemeanor). Your safest bet would be to leave off the badge, which then makes it less than a full uniform. Of course, some asshole might still arrest you, but (if it's any consolation) your case would probably be thrown out of court—several weeks and several hundred dollars later. I'm sorry I can't be more reassuring, although I have to say that I've seen hundreds of guys wearing all varieties of uniforms in many different places, and hardly any of them get hassled. It's just a matter of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. □

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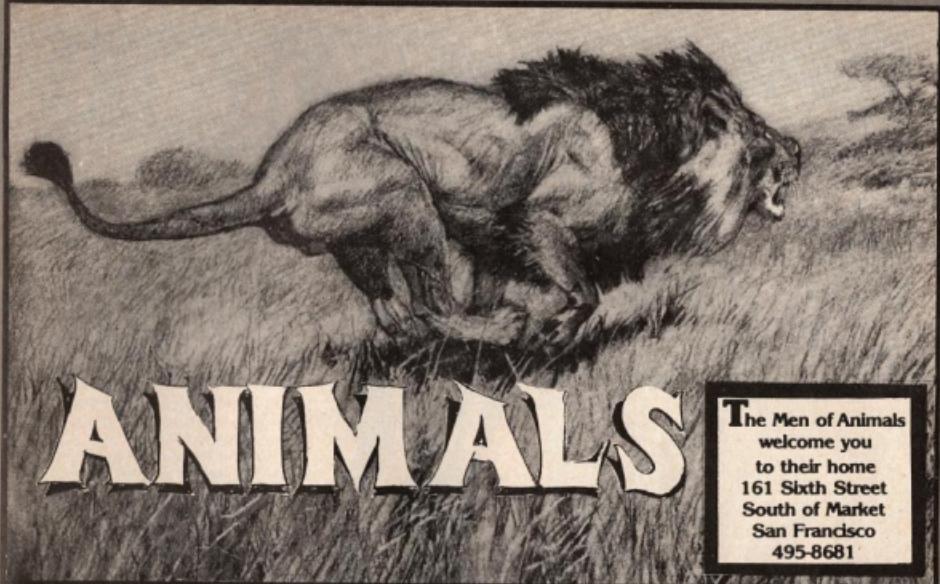


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DRUMMER 69

# DRUMMER ART



*Tom of Finland*

## TOM OF FINLAND Rob Gallery/New York

An end of the year one-man show by Tom of Finland at the Rob Gallery in New York saw the introduction of a limited edition series by the legendary artist commissioned by the trans-Atlantic gallery. Tom, perhaps the best known pioneer of explicit sexuality in contemporary gay art, did not disappoint his macho-orientated following. The pieces in the series, as well as the large amount of color work, broadened his usual set pieces of well-muscled, well-hung supermen locked in passionate sexual embraces.

Tom of Finland is current the king of the gay art genre. His work commands the highest prices and attracts the most serious collectors. His shows are well-attended and eagerly anticipated events. True, there isn't much change in his work. But that same consistancy seems to be what the public responds to most about his work.

—DAG

## JEFF GATES

### Robert Samuel Gallery

First show of the year for the prestigious Robert Samuel Gallery (795 Broadway, New York City) was photographs by Jeff Gates from his 'Breast Plate Series'; solarized images set against uniform grid patterns. The exhibit ran through the end of January. It was followed by a month-long show of recent black and white photographs by Jeff Silverthorne.

## JOHN J. KRAUSE

### Lineup/Los Angeles

A popular Los Angeles bar, The Lineup, has started a series of month-long art exhibitions. January was devoted to the photographs of John J. Krause. The Lineup (5520 Santa Monica Blvd, Los Angeles) has approached the usual problems of showing art in bars with the visibility of the art in mind. The bar plans a different show each month, usually opening with a reception for the artist being exhibited.



*Jeff Gates*

# CONRAP

## DRUMMER IN PRISON

The simple fact is we can not get Drummer into any of the state or federal prison systems. We have tried and been denied in all except one case. A number of gay publications were involved in a suit recently to force the federal prison system to allow access to gay publications to those prisoners who requested them. You can't believe the number of requests we have received for gratis subscriptions to *Drummer* from gay prisoners. We were not part of that original action (we were not asked) and we know why: *Drummer* is, to a large segment of the politically-correct gay establishment like the black whore in the old Southern jokes—when you pick her up, she gets in the back seat with her head down so no one will see her. While we agree that movement-oriented gay media is necessary to the well-being of a gay prisoner, we also think a little honesty should be considered. To say that because *Drummer* is a sexually-orientated publication whose purpose is to cause an erection disqualifies it from serious consideration is to put a new face on gay oppression. *Playboy* is allowed in many of the prisons where *Drummer* is not. While we are not comparing ourselves to that august publication, we clearly see the old double standard at work here. We feel that reminding other gays about the necessity of upholding the First Amendment is asking too much.

## JACK H. ABBOTT'S BELLY

Sometimes the liberal intelligentsia is the last place to look for justice. Norman Mailer's promotion of Jack Henry Abbott, the prisoner who wrote *In The Belly of The Beast*, looked, for all superficial purposes, like a touching incident of the great writer helping out the talented, but unknown, young writer. The fact that Abbott was writing from prison, and writing open-gut about prison reform, made the saga all the more enchanting. But Abbott, when released, was left a man adrift. Asked to move from a 6x9 foot cell to assimilation with not only the contemporary world, but the East Coast literary elite—Abbott faltered and fell. An incident with a waiter, an altercation, a killing: Abbott is back in the belly of the beast. What went wrong? Mailer, the high mucky-mucks from Random House, the marble-chinned deans of what is good and correct and still progressive

have all been rather silent. Read *In The Belly of The Beast*, it is about much more than prison. And remember that the section on homosexuality was removed by Random House from the book. It appeared, as an essay called "On Women" in the *New York Review of Books*.

## PRISONERS

I am 29, medium build, 5'10", 193 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes. I am originally from Ohio and my hobbies include all sports, bodybuilding, woodcraft, and meeting new people. Rick Mead, No. 158691, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

I am 5'7", 130 lbs., lonesome and real cute. Claude H. Jones, No. 18320, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Lonely gay prisoner seeks friendship, 6', 174 lbs., blonde hair and blue eyes, likes people, C&W music, will answer all replies. George J. Little, No. 153-933, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

I am 22, 5'9", 122 lbs., red hair and hazel eyes. I would like to establish an ongoing correspondence with someone. Larry Lanzone, No. 291856, Route 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, TX 77583.

My family has forgotten me because of my sexual preference and I would like to hear from someone. I am 29, 5'11", 170 lbs., sandy brown hair and blue eyes. I like to write, like music and reading. Robert W. Brady, No. 163-485, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

I would like someone to correspond with. Douglas H. Christensen, No. 113411, Box 55, Stillwater, MN 55082.

Black man, 37, has never had a white friend and would like to correspond with someone who can deal with him as a human being. Ralph Del Rico Pryor, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

First time in prison, 23, and very lonely. Hobbies are bodybuilding and jogging. Would like to correspond with anyone. Randy Moore, No. 159-488, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

I am 40 and would like correspondence with anyone. I am interested in psychology and Rational Therapy studies and self improvement. Terrance G. Valentine, No. 154-348, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

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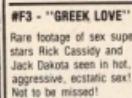
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# DRUMMER'S BOOKS

## THE MEXICANS, THE NAZIS & THE STARS

E.A. Lacey is a poet of the first order, so his translation of Luis Zapata's novel, *El Vampiro de la Colonia Roma* into *Adonis Garcia* (Gay Sunshine Press; Trade paperback; 1981; \$7.95) is a poetic translation. Not to imply that this often humorous story of a young Mexican hustler is at all flowery; in fact, it is the fusion of sharp street language into a powerful, uncompromising first-person narrative that makes *Adonis Garcia* the most exciting novel of the year.

Presented as series of unedited tapes, an account by Adonis of his still-young life learning to hustle among the gays of the largest city in the world—this novel is, given its country of origin, a monumental work. It could be read as a cultural guidebook to machismo, and as a contemporary history of the gay liberation movement in Mexico City. The startling truth about *Adonis Garcia* is that it is prototypical; and the streets, cafes, bars, apartments, people in the book are living testaments.

But beyond it's rich and captivating story of a young man selling his genitals, it is also a novel of coming out; for Adonis and for McEiso City—it incorporates so much of what guilt-ridden Latinos wear as the mantel of their gay heritage.

*Adonis Garcia* is joyous, racy, intelligent, creative and often breathtakingly beautiful. It is one of the best books of 1981.

"Long awaited" is an expression applicable to Frank Rector's *The Nazi Extermination of Homosexuals* (Stein & Day; 1981; \$14.95). This serious look at the documentation of Nazi executions of gays during WW2 has been on the verge of release for a year. The wait has been even longer for the survivors. For all the conservative-minded who felt Bent, it's power and beauty aside, was a work of fiction and not a gravestone to alleged Nazi horrors against homosexuals—let this uncompromising and gut-wrenching work of non-fiction be raised as the angriest of fists.

According to Rector's admittedly conservative figures, at least a half-million homosexuals were executed in the death camps of the Third Reich; that figure does not account for the summary executions of gays in bars, on the streets, in their apartments, at their jobs, and elsewhere by the Nazi death squads. The total number of gays killed in Germany could have been as high as

2 million. But Rector does not use the sheer power of numbers to paint his grim and historic landscape; instead, he establishes the social and political environment of Germany and Western Europe before and during the time of the Nazis, shows the homosexual influence in the Third Reich, and traces the paths of high-ranking homosexuals within the power structure of Hitler's elite. When the book is finished, the reader is left with an aftertaste of complicity, victimization, horror, shame, and ultimately an unquenchable anger. The one thing Rector does not have to do is to draw parallels—to the American gay living in the implied terror of 1982 ultra-conservatism they come through with frightening clarity. This is an odyssey you will never be able to forget, and is one of the best books of 1981.

*Calamus* might well be the largest anthology of literature centered around male homosexual images (Quill Books; 1981; Trade paperback; \$9.50), and editors David Galloway and Christian Sabisch have assembled an international representation of authors—some of whom are obscure and therefore all the more interesting. Skip the introduction, however, where the editors show their decided sexism by declaring that Lesbian stories were not included because "...Lesbian relationships have seldom been actively, systematically persecuted by church or state." I don't know what planet these boys have been living on.

*Gay Sunshine*, the literary publication that spawned the publishing house of the same name, has changed its format to that of a trade paperback with its 47th issue—thus becoming more like an anthology of both new and classical, as well as repressed gay literature. Issue 47 contains, among other things, *Costa Brava*, a novella by Dutch writer Frits Bernard; the first English translation of Paul Verlaine's original manuscript for *A Draw*; and other short stories and poetry. There is also an excerpt from Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Ned Rorem's diary. *Gay Sunshine* has always excelled as a serious forum for gay literature, and this new format will, hopefully, place it on a lot of more bookshelves—where it belongs.

*Gay Sunshine* has also just re-issued Gore Vidal's *A Thirsty Evil*, a collection of seven early stories by the crafty and

clever writer. The re-issue (1981; Trade paperback; \$7.95) can easily be read as period pieces in American short story writing and contemporary gay social history.

The Playboy Press has released, as a single volume, the entire transcripts of the interviews done by David Sheff with John Lennon and Yoko Ono—parts of which appeared in *Playboy* shortly before Lennon's death. Lennon fans just might eat it up; but there is more of interest here than the sphere of music (besides Ono's rampant homophobia)—the first real information about Brian Epstein's homosexuality and his alleged relationship with McCarthy. Lennon seemed to be more willing to talk about the subject than the interviewer. But the whole set of interviews read exceptionally well—and Lennon has many well-considered opinions. While Yoko can readily give proof to the oppression of women (here and now, and everywhere), I had a hard time giving my undivided attention to a woman who knows too little about gays to be spouting off about them. (*Playboy Press*; 1981; \$13.50).

*Dream Palaces: Hollywood at Home* by Charles Lockwood is only half the size of a coffee-table book (which is fine, since the photographs are large enough, thank you) but twice as deep. Cleverly recreating the landscape these famous houses would occupy, as well as the economic and social foundations they would be built on, Lockwood has erected a masterful tour de force of history, gossip, documentation and architecture. From the rambling barn of the first 'Hollywood' movie to the multi-mansions of Marion Davies (she couldn't act, but boy could she decorate!) and the nation-state of Pickfair—home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, *Dream Palaces* (Viking; 1981; \$19.95) never ceases to entertain, inform and scandalize. There's even a dual gay suicide.

*Flash:* Expect St. Martin's Press to issue Nathan Aldyn's second gay murder mystery, *Cobalt*, in early spring to be followed by Avon Books as a paperback about a year later. Aldyn's first novel, *Vermilion*, which was issued by Avon as a paperback original in 1980, has already garnered the author a cult following—hence the new book getting the hardcover treatment.

—Charles R. Musgrave

# DRUMMER views the Flicks

## BEST FILMS OF 1981



Warren Beatty, long an underdog of the movie industry, starred in, wrote, and directed *REDS*, a small film about a giant subject, and got a bank to finance the production.

While this wasn't a bumper year for American films, as more and more scripts emulated the intellectual level of television, there were more fine American films during the year than I expected. This list is in no particular order.

### REDS

Never having been much of a Warren Beatty nor a Diane Keaton fan, I was both surprised and delighted by the superb performances they and everyone else in this amazing film turned out. Beatty, long an underdog in the system, managed a renaissance chore of writing, direction and starring in what has to be one of the finest films in the past couple years. This historic epic of the clash of political ideals in America during the first decades of this century—and the emotional clash of an American relationship set against the Russian revolution—took daring. The love story of John Reed and Louise Bry-

ant is nothing short of dazzling; their contemporaries: Emma Goldman, Eugene O'Neill, Henry Miller, Rebecca West, George Jessel (the last three appear as themselves, as 'witnesses' in the film) were equally cathartic signposts on the road to what would become, much later, Americanism. Beatty melds them all together in a deck that was obviously stacked against the early American communist ideology in a history lesson you will never learn in school. Jack Nicholson's coolly sexual Eugene O'Neill is brilliant; Vittorio Storaro's photography makes small, intimate compositions take on a look of grandeur that matches the panorama of both the subjects and their time.

### TAXI ZUM KLO

If you haven't seen or at least heard about this extraordinary German film, then you're probably deaf, dumb and blind. *Taxi* is the absolute remedy for decades of misrepresentation on the screen. Often funny, very often

irreverent—Frank Ripploh's semi-autobiographical film about a rather conservative grade school teacher who is, otherwise, a promiscuous gay man in modern day Berlin is, above all, a superb examination of the individual in a society of universal conformity. Sexually honest and politically daring, Ripploh personally may not be your cup of tea—but he is a voice of iconoclasm desperately needed as we clone our way to co-option. Unquestionably this is the most important gay film to have made its way to the screen.

### FATHER AND SON

As unlikely as its source, Hong Kong, and as unlikely as its subject, the relationship between a lower-class father and his dreamer son—this first feature film by Alan Fong is the best testament to the nuclear family I have ever seen. A quiet film without the usual manipulation of *Kramer Vs Kramer* or *Ordinary People*—*Father and Son* relies, instead, on treating human emotions as inherent parts of human development. It is also a film that holds a special significance to gay men growing up in non-gay families—but the same could be said for any individual distinction between a father and a son, as Fong's message is both universal and timeless.

### POSSESSION

Be prepared to experience the art of filmmaking like you've never seen it before. Andrej Zulawski's modern horror story and religious analogy is a good decade or two ahead of its time—and it is destined to have an impact on filmmaking like the blow dealt to the art by the French new wave. This is the most creative use of film semiology since Fellini's *8½*, and every traditional reference to liner story-telling is victimized toward trapping the audience, like the characters, in a horror which is itself beyond comprehension. Isabelle Adjani and Sam Neill give riveting performances; audiences walk out in frustration. This must be what it was like the opening night of the Stravinski/Nijinsky *Rite of Spring*.

### AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

The sleeper of the year was the finest combination of werewolf spoof and extraordinary special effects. John Landis wrote and directed a real surprise in this modern-dress retelling of the



Frank Ripploh, in the beard and dress, made his explicitly sexual gay film with a mere 50,000 Deutschmarks—a sum much too low to be believed—then proceeded to reap awards and praise from all but the more homophobic critics and film festivals.

werewolf legend, brought half into the light of humor and half into the twilight zone. David Naughton was either innocently beautiful as the young American bitten by the beast, or the last person you'd want to meet on a dark street. From mist-covered English countryside to slick, wet London, the photography was as well realized as the special effects were brilliant. This has to be the last werewolf movie ever made, because it's the best.

#### SPETTERS

Paul Verhoeven scores again with a beautiful and compelling tale of the rites of passage for three Dutch boys facing manhood in very different ways. Usually a director that works with established material (*Cathy Tippel*, *Turkish Delight*, *Soldier of Orange*), Verhoeven demonstrates his ability to create a mirror of contemporary society and focus it down to specifics that move his characters toward their destinies. Unlike the American and French-made looks at growing pains, the young men and women of *Spetters* seem to be actually growing into something. A devastating section dealing with a homosexual rape—yes, Virginia, this time some homosexuals rape a non-homosexual—has gained *Spetters* the attention from gay audiences it deserves. It's a film that is both beautiful to look at and amazingly intelligent to watch unfold.

#### AMERICAN PICTURES

A young Danish man, Jacob Holdt, hitchhiked around this country for five years, taking color photographs with a rather simplistic camera. He lived in various social and economic situations. He sent the pictures to his parents, and after five years, followed the photos to Denmark to create a four-hour tribute to American racial bigotry; capturing, perhaps, the truth of the American dream. Narrated by Holdt with his understandable but accented English, *American Pictures* provides a look at us that can not be compromised; too often painful, sometimes richly loving and tender, and extremely detailed. Holdt also makes the connection between the oppression of Blacks and the oppression of gays; a case that has never been more eloquently stated. This is a hard film to see, and not necessarily because of its impact or subject—but because too many people would rather it did not play in American theatres.

#### FROM THE LIFE OF THE MARIONETTES

Although this film was issued in 1980 as far as the Academy Awards are concerned, it did not receive national distribution until last year and I have included it here so that it would not fall into the abyss of a technicality. This is Igmar Bergman's first major look at male homosexuality. Constructed

almost as logs in a casebook, *Mariettes* tells us of a young man who kills a prostitute. This happens at the beginning of the film; we are lead to believe that what follows will tell us why. For some viewers it may, Bergman allows another answer, one perhaps completely unacceptable, to end the film. There isn't room here to debate the two; suffice it to say that at every turn we are met with the overriding theme of Bergman's, that a particular social order is the root of all its social abnormalities. A stunning performance by Walter Schmidinger, as an older homosexual, will live as one of Bergman's most profound creations.

#### TRUE CONFESSIONS

I never thought I could be so devastated by a film about a priest—but the combination of Robert De Niro (as the priest), Robert Duvall (as his policeman brother) in John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion's screenplay based on Dunne's novel was a masterpiece of subtle personal textures woven into an engrossing story of homicide that proves the fulcrum in a sibling relationship. *True Confessions* was almost completely ignored by the public; a very sad fact given that this film is a combination of intelligence, credibility and acting at its finest. An absolute visceral and visual feast from beginning to end.

—John W. Rowberry



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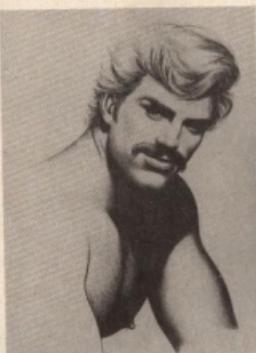
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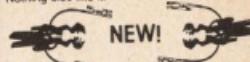
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# IN PASSING

## *three excerpts from Chorus*

People are not desperate for power unless they are desperate to impress themselves and to intimidate others, usually because they are themselves easily intimidated—sometimes by a true enemy, sometimes by the indifference of their world, often by that portion of themselves that has remained unknown, oppressed yet forever seeking to be realized.

Sir,

*The bruises look beautiful in the mirror, even if they have dulled under the dust of new cells. They seem more a part of me now and make me look like an animal. I suspended myself by the neck to watch them and how I might struggle, how I might look in your eyes, angry for air and suddenly pissing in the terror of your reaction and how it would feel if you were beating me then. Your reaction was only a fantasy, but I easily spilled even though I could not beat myself the way you would. I didn't even try, and I didn't actually piss in terror until, still hanging by my neck and tied hand-and-foot, I tried for a second coming.*

It's just an idea, but it struck me that originally 'gods' may have acted as a primer for aggression, the eroticization of fear transfigured into a final power we must forever defend ourselves against. The first gods were like the punching bags we work out on in order to remain more aggressive than we are but have to be to survive. If this is more than just an intuitive inspiration, if there is a basic truth here, then I need to determine how the punching bags became other people labelled freaks, perverts and inferiors while the gods mutated into justifications for persecution, divine disciplinarians compensating for our failure to remain responsible for ourselves. In any form, gods were undoubtedly invented out of a desperation for power.

---

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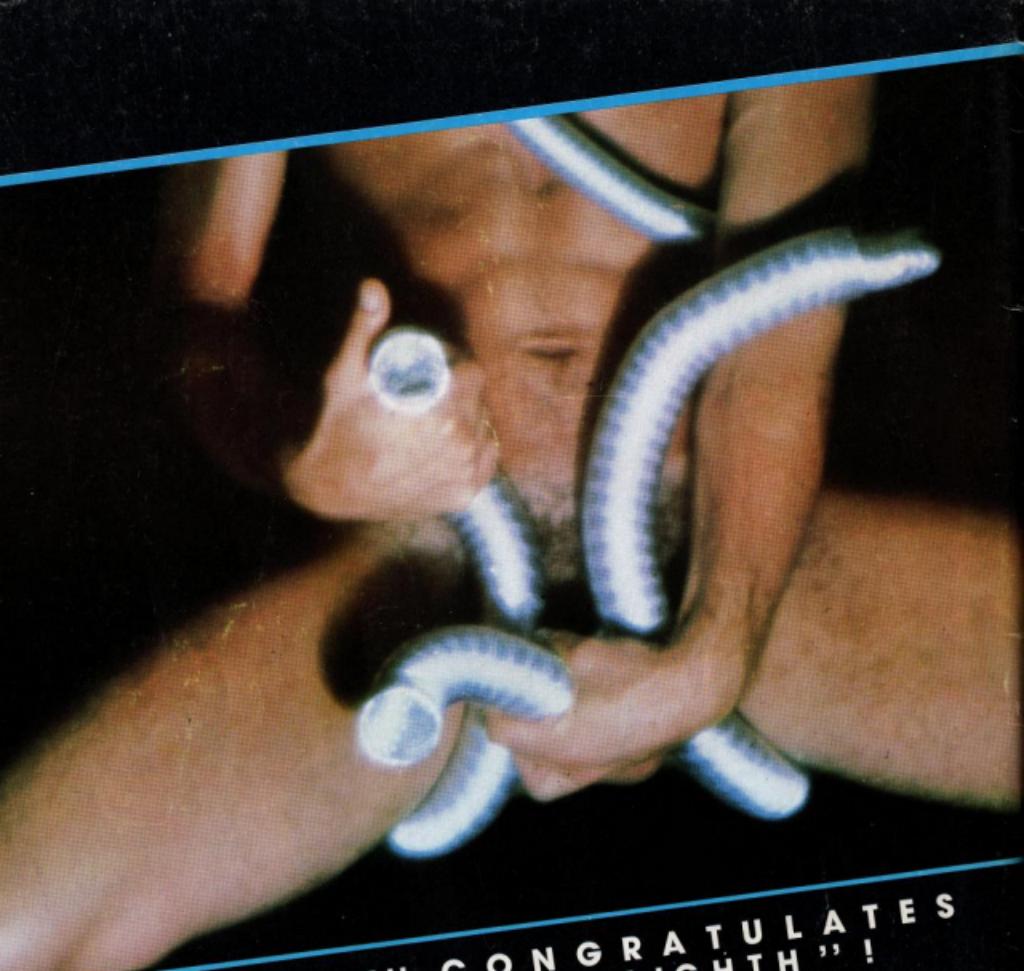
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